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MAY FLOWERS

# MAY-FLOWERS.

A SELECTION

OF

POEMS,

BY AMANDA WESTON.

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# INTRODUCTION.

May flowers are too often fragile and short lived; shrinking before the chill blast of early Spring, they fade away and their beauty and fragrance soon disappear. Not so the literary boquet now in the hand of the reader. Its beauty is not merely that of form or color. Its fragrance is something more than a grateful incense wasting its sweetness on the desert air. It is beautiful in the variety and fitness of the truths expressed—it is fragrant with pure affection and elevating sentiment. Such beauty and such fragrance are ever during.

The author's preface indicates a degree of modesty in the statement of the origin and the aim of these poems, which is itself fragrant and attractive. Few know what emphasis should be placed on the expression "the active duties of life," to which she refers. The "fragments of time redeemed" therefrom, consisted frequently of the hurrying minutes that lay between the slow weary hours of consant toil.

Unless the publisher has much mistaken the merit of these poems, they will surely meet a hearty welcome to the hearthstone of many a family, and furnish happy hours of pure and intelligent enjoyment.

New-York, May 1850. L. C. Matlack.

# PREFACE.

In offering this little volume to the public, the authoress considers it due to herself to state that the poems which it contains were written, merely for her own amusement, in hours of leisure. The composition of several of their number has served to beguile the weary hours spent in the seclusion of the chamber of sickness; and the time devoted to the remainder has consisted only of fragments redeemed from the active duties of life. Under such circumstances, it is hardly to be expected that they should approach very near perfection; and, indeed, had her own estimate of their merit been the standard by which they were to be judged, it is by no means probable that they would ever have appeared in their present form. But, encouraged by the commendation bestowed on such as have already appeared in the publications of the day; and gladdened by the knowledge that some of them, in their simplicity, have found a home in the hearts of the bereaved and sorrowing; she sends them forth, calmly and hopefully; trusting that they will receive a kindly greeting from all who meet them on their way; and that their words may prove to some, as they have proved to her, pleasant companions in hours of weariness and despondency.

The poems, with the exception of the first, are arranged nearly in the order in which they were originally written. A few slight changes only have been made, for the purpose of giving greater variety to the volume. A. Weston.

Duxbury, Mass., 1850.

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# JOAN OF ARC

## IN ROUEN.

I.

Long, weary hours within a prison cell!
A fearful power is theirs, a boundless might,
The young, free spirit's pride and strength to quell;
E'en as the blast that sweeps the mountain height
Scatters the trembling leaves. The heart may beat
With quicker throbs, rousing itself to meet
Approaching danger; but a withering blight
Broods heavily on the damp dungeon air;
Deep strength is in the soul that hopes and triumphs there.

II.

Had thine that strength, heroic maid of France?
Thou, who had'st fearlessly and firmly led
The hosts to battle?—Spear, and shield, and lance
Had fallen in the dust beneath thy tread,
Laid low with those who bore them. To the sky,
Thy hand the snow-white flag uplifted high;
And 'neath its fair folds, many a stately head
Bowed low in reverence to thee; for thou
Didst wear a holy seal upon thy bright young brow.

III.

Therefore, friends listened to thy words, as those
An oracle had spoken, silently,
In awe and wonder; while, amid thy foes,
A halo of pure light encircled thee,
Whose every ray was victory. Brightly on
To conquest thou had'st passed; and battles won,
And a fair land restored to liberty,
Were thy high trophies. It was hard, indeed,
That suffering and death should be thine only meed.

IV.

A fearful doom was thine; yet thy high soul
Sank not beneath its shadows. If despair,
Over thy heart in its still musings stole,
It dwelt not on thy brow. Calm trust was there,
And holy hope, and gladness: as of one
Long exiled, but at last returning home,
To breathe once more, in joy, his native air,
And read, in more than one familiar face,
A heartfelt welcome back to his own dwelling-place.

V.

Was there not strife, stern, agonizing strife,
Ere that deep calmness mantled thee? Aye, long
And stern the conflict was; for, unto life,
The heart clings in its grief—when ties, once strong,
Are broken—lightly, as the floating thread
Of gossamer beneath the heedless tread:

And thou—thy life had been a scene of song,
Of thoughtless happiness, till the deep tide
Of buried feeling, rose, and spread its waters wide.

VI.

A scene of triumph followed. Banners fair,
And waving plumes, and warriors' stately mien,
Rich strains of music, melting on the air,
And soft light, falling, with still solemn gleam
Upon a kingly head bowed low,—and then
Raised proudly, circled with the diadem,
The crown thy hand had ransomed! 'Twas a dream,
Gorgeous, but brief. Its dazzling hues might well
Blend with the shadowy gloom of thy lone prison cell.

VII.

'Twas night, deep, voiceless night.—Silence profound
Reigned in the gloomy structure—save the chain
Of some poor prisoner, with its clanking sound
Rousing him from his sleep, to pine in vain
For liberty and light; or, the low moan
Of those from whose dim eyes slumber had flown;
They might not fly, like her, from care and pain.
Night brings deep shadows to the silent tomb,
But deeper, darker far to the damp dungeon room.

VIII.

Faintly, at midnight, through the gratings old
Of one high window, the fair moonbeans shone,

Gleaming, with pale light, tremulous and cold,
On the gray walls and floor of solid stone.
Illum'ing half, and leaving half in gloom,
The narrow precincts of that guarded room;
But brightly resting on its tenant lone;
And lighting up a brow, as marble fair,
Bowed, even to the dust in silent anguish there.

IX.

Where the brave leader's dauntless courage now?
Where the exulting conqueror's lofty mein?
The spirit-halo, circling that pale brow
With light from heaven, all cloudless and serene?
Alas, for human weakness! The dark tide
Of destiny rolls on, and power and pride
Sink 'neath the whelming wave. Yet, might it seem
Nobler, to brave the torrent's wildest sweep
In calm despair, than o'er its scathing course to weep.

X.

Aye, nobler for the lowliest; but for one
Whose name had been, like hers, the charging cry,
When, with swords glancing brightly to the sun,
And gay crests, waving as the breeze swept by,
The foe drew near,—she, trembling at a breath,
Shrinking, in terror, from the name of death,
And, with proud head bowed low, and tearful eye
Watching the night-hours wane! High soul and free,
Thus, should the trial-hour be met by one like thee?

XI.

Oh! say not so. Think of the many ties
That twined, in childhood's years, her heart around;
The well-remembered light of loving eyes,—
The voice that lulled to cradle-slumber sound,—
The hand that rested lightly on her head,
When her first simple prayer was sweetly said,—
The heart in which her own its true home found:
Ere ye condemn her for those bitter tears,
Think of her sire's gray hairs, her mother's lonely years.

XII.

She thinks of them, and of the youthful band
Smiling around them. The dark, eagle eye,
And brow on which the sun of a bright land
Has left its impress,—the free bearing high,
That speaks a spirit yet untamed by aught
Of care or sorrow, a brief life has brought,—
A spirit like her own,—all these are nigh,—
And more than these—a low and gentle tone,
Breathing her name, as lip ne'er breathed it save his own!

XIII.

Her brother: and two gentle sisters fair
Stand with their young hands linked with his, and smile
As the light breeze lifts their free-waving hair;
Or the brown woodbird's notes their thoughts beguile.
The leafy branches of the beechen tree
And the proud oak's broad boughs are spreading free

Above them; and on the green turf, the while,
Sports a glad child, the one on whose young head,
The purest, warmest love of her warm heart was shed.

XIV.

For she had reared him.—Silently there fell,—
Ere yet his lips had learned to breathe her name,—
Upon his mother's heart a shadowy spell;
Awhile she struggled with its gloom in vain;
Then yielded, sank, and long months wore away,
While fond and faithful watchers, day by day,
Bent o'er her couch of agonizing pain;
Amply rewarded for their constant care, [in prayer.
When her sweet voice once more might blend with theirs

XV.

But the fair boy,—though at his mother's knee
Wont oft to sit contentedly for hours,
Wiling her sadness with his infant glee,
Bringing her treasures from the forest bowers,
Looking up, lovingly, into her eyes,
As if he deemed the sunlight of the skies
Had found a home there,—leaving toys and flowers,
Would bound, in joy, to meet one well-known face;—
Had she not filled, for him, a mother's holy place?

XVI.

Had she not taken him unto her heart,
And kept him there, safe from the thought of fear,

Bidding earth's shadows from that shrine depart,
And making life's blue sky serene and clear?
Had she not loved him well? Was it not meet
That his first childish love,—a token sweet
Of duties well performed, and ties made dear,—
Should be her own? Its memory was bliss;
But now—keen agony must blend with even this.

XVII.

Memories of childhood's joy, of childhood's grief,—
Of her light-hearted girlhood's hopes and fears,—
Of smiles that came like sunbeams, bright and brief,
To gild the April shower of transient tears;—
Thoughts of lone wanderings in the woody glades,—
Of pleasant nooks in the deep forest shades,
Loved for the sinless bliss of early years;
All these are with her;—can ye marvel, now,
That shadows darkly rest upon that sunny brow?

XVIII.

Or have ye never known that bitter wo,
From the true-hearted and beloved to part?
To yearn for words, sweet voices whispered low,
And hear but their faint echo in the heart?
To watch, with evening's shades, the sad, still gleam
Of stars, and listen to the woodland stream,
And at the leaf's light murmur, trembling, start,
As at a spirit's call? Then for her sake [break.
I plead in vain, whose heart could bear, but might not

XIX.

Tears, bitter tears, like the free Summer rain
Upwelling from the heart's, deep, troubled spring;—
Deem not the unchecked flow of feeling vain,—
Seek not reproach on silent grief to fling.
Melts not the threatening tempest-cloud away,
When the pure rain-drops glisten on the spray?
May not the heart-shower, hope's fair rainbow, bring
To its blue sky again? So will we trust:
Nor number tears, with gems strewn idly on the dust.

XX.

And fast and free, awhile, the warm tears fell
From those dark eyes, but soon the strife was o'er;
And the deep anguish of a long farewell
Had power to robe her soul in gloom no more.
The shade passed from her brow, and her dark eyes
Were lifted, clear and tearless, to the skies,
As the sweet stars a silent mission bore
Of love and mercy. Was the struggle past?
It was;—a long farewell, and sad, but not the last.

XXI.

For faith had triumphed. Doubt and fear had fled,
As fly eve's mist-leaves, from morn's bright array;
And gracefully, once more, that youthful head
Rose in its stately beauty. Love's deep sway
Is strong within the soul; but human pride
Has oft its silent influence defied;

Cold, sordid pride. And who shall dare to say
There is no stronger barrier in the soul
O'er which its swelling tide might vainly seek to roll?

XXII.

Love has deep might; but faith has deeper far;
And faith, unfaltering faith, was hers. A light,
Shed not from waning moon or fading star,
Beamed in her cell. A scene of splendor bright,
Too bright for her full gaze to rest on long,
Arose before her. Echos of a song
Too sweet for mortal lips to breathe, that night
Woke, in strange music, in her dungeon lone;—
Did not a seraph lyre respond to each low tone?

XXIII.

The hours flew swiftly. In the eastern sky,
The stars grew pale, as the first light of dawn
Greeted the lonely watcher's thoughtful eye;—
And had it come so soon, the dreaded morn?
Fainter, and fainter grew the fading light
Of the pure gems that wreathed the brow of night,—
And now, the last of the bright band was gone;—
The floating clouds woke from their calm repose
To golden light;—the sun, the glorious sun arose.

XXIV.

He rose in undimmed splendor. Roof and spire
Gleamed in his radiance, welcoming the day;—

Proud castle-turrets glittered, as if fire [gay,
Crowned their high summits;—cottage-homes looked
Lit by the smile of morning; and the young
And happy, lightly from their slumbers sprung,
Wakening to hope and gladness. Morn's first ray
Brought joy to many; but its rich light fell
Sadly and silently in the dim prison cell.

XXV.

Sadly and silently; nor look nor tone
Welcomed its coming. In strange beauty, there,
Its hues of light and loveliness were thrown,
On the pale placid brow, and gleaming hair,
Of the young captive. O'er her simple vest,
Her hands were meekly folded, on her breast;
And her slight, graceful form was bowed in prayer.
Father! not vainly, do thy children crave
Grace for the trial-hour, to strengthen and to save.

XXVI.

She rose; for sullenly, a massy gate
Swung on its hinges. Armor's heavy clang,
And hurrying footsteps, and low tones of hate
Fell on her ear. The court's smooth pavement rang
Beneath the measured fall of mail-clad feet;
The hour had come. With a sad smile, yet sweet,
She turned to meet her foes. The woodbird sang
His own wild song, beneath morn's cloudless sky,
Beside her childhood's home, when she went forth to die.

XXVII.

She thought not of his lay, nor of the flowers
Blooming in beauty there; nor of the light
Beaming from loved eyes on them. Fair home bowers
And gentle faces rose not to her sight;
The bonds of earth were broken. Calmly o'er
The threshhold of the narrow prison door
She passed; more like a conqueror, in the might
And pride of his full sway, than one whose tread
Moved firmly in the path, to death's dark door that led.

XXVIII.

Slowly and silently through the dense crowd
That waited her approach, she moved. Her mien
Was calm and lofty. Shouts of triumph loud,
And fierce words muttered low, and glances keen
From foeman's kindling eyes, around her way
Were all, alike, unheeded. Who shall say
That the sweet peace, on her still features seen,
Was but the triumph of all-conquering pride
Over stern agony? Was there no stay beside?

XXIX.

There were deep murmurs in that gathered throng,
Where pride was striving still with scarce-owned fear;
And thirst for vengeance rose, uncurbed and strong,
Like the wave foaming on its wild career.
Did white-robed Mercy plead in vain, ere fell
The bolt on the defenceless? The wild swell

Of strangely-mingling sounds rose on the ear
From the dark scene of sacrifice,—a tone
Of triumph and revenge,—but not a captive's moan!

XXX.

She shrank not back in fear. It was no hour
For weakness then. Her brow was calm, and firm
And free her onward course. Her spirit's power
Was roused. They stood, with lips compressed, and stern
Dark brows, around her; but her eye was bright,
As if reflecting heaven's own cloudless light, [learn,
Dimmed by earth's shades no longer. They might
Who gazed upon her features, still and pale, [frail.
How strong the spirit was, whose slight shrine seemed so

XXXI.

The chosen spot was gained. She stood, alone,
One fearful moment; while, like the deep sea,
That answers, with its sad, unceasing moan
To the wild tempest's wing, tumultuously
The crowd swayed to and fro. A sudden, brief,
And breathless silence. E'en a quivering leaf,
Had wakened echo's dreamy harmony;—
And then, the chains were wreathed, the faggots piled,
The lighted torch drew near, the victim saw, and smiled

XXXII.

With faint and fitful glare, the lurid light
Of the fast-kindling pyre arose; but there,

As if sustained by more than mortal might,
With slight hands clasped in silent, fervent prayer,—
With clear, uplifted eye, and brow, and cheek,
And lip of such deep calmness,—pale and meek,
But in their earnest trust unearthly fair,
She stood. Oh, strong must be the faith, whose sway
Could take, from death like this, the fearful dread away.

XXXIII.

Voices were hushed, and hearts beat quick and loud;
And swarthy cheeks were blanched with sudden dread.
What power had fettered that fierce, reckless crowd,
That, gazing on the lurid radiance shed
By the red flames, they stood, awe-struck and still,
As by one thought subdued? Did their hearts thrill
To a deep voice, that hour? With noiseless tread,
Light, viewless forms, from the far realms of air, [there?
Move beside earth's frail sons; and might not such be

XXXIV.

Higher and higher, rose the wreathing flame,
Uproaring, proudly, to the very sky;
But no wild shriek, no stifled moan of pain,
Rose on the hushed air.—She had come to die;
And to die calmly, nobly,—not as one
Who shudders at the voice that calls him home,
And kneels to plead for mercy, while the eye
Of scorn is on him. No; her doom was sealed
By her own fearless words,—to die, but not to yield.

XXXV.

And thus she perished.—Strangely varying scenes
Marked her brief life. A simple Shepherdess,
Through the green vales and by the mountain streams
Guiding her flock in tranquil happiness ;—
A fearless leader in the battle-strife,
As one who bore a spell-encircled life,
Unharmed, amid the conflict's mingling press
With calm brow moving, or, with kindling eye,
Listening, while rang the shout of victory through the sky.

XXXVI.

A conqueror, with mien of triumph, where
Fell the still shadows of the sacred fane
Upon the kneeling throng, while on the air
Rose a full, sweetly-solemn music-strain,—
A lay of gladness and of hope,—the voice
Of lofty victory, bidding man rejoice,
But with thanksgiving ;—then, a captive's chain,—
Glad notes of freedom on a dungeon's breath,—
The strife of hope with fear,—an agonizing death !

XXXVII.

All these were hers. In vain, with yearning heart
When her first mission was fulfilled, she knelt,
Breathing the name of home. Could she depart
Ere the whole land was ransomed ; while there dwelt
In the full hearts of those who round her pressed,
So much of reverence and love ? The rest

For which she sighed was not for her. She felt
A sad foreboding of her future doom ;—
Dim o'er earth's sunlight stole the shadows of the tomb.

XXXVIII.

That doom was nobly met, nor met in vain ;
For the deep memory of her wrongs was nursed
In many a manly heart, and words of flame
From many a fearless lip in thunder burst.
The foe had triumphed ; but the sword and lance
Found many a strong right arm in sunny France,
Nerved by the wrongs of her who roused them first,
To wield them long and bravely. Joy for thee,
Land of the vine ! Thy sons arose, and thou art free !

## THE WHITE ROSE.

My favorite flower! Its stainless leaves
No brilliant hues may wear;
But fair are they, when morn's fresh dew
Is brightly resting there;
And sweet the perfume that they breathe,
When the soft zephyr's sigh
At even, stirs their slumbering folds,
Floating in music by.

In garden bowers, in forest wilds
Are blossoms fairer far;
But they claim not my love like this,
Beautiful as they are.
Thoughts all too deep for words to breathe,
Wake from their calm repose;
For holy memories of the past
Wreathe round the pure white rose.

## MY PENCIL.

It is a faithful servant,
And it has been so long;
Why not reward its services
With a brief, artless song?
We should be duly grateful
For each favor we receive;—
That my pencil merits gratitude
I really believe.

My pencil! It was purchased
A long, long time ago;
'Twas in Winter, I remember,
For the ground was white with snow;
And Winter soon will greet us,
In his snowy robes again;
'Twas not an idle purchase,
For it was not made in vain.

More than one simple billet,
Sent to some well-known friend,
My hand has lightly penciled,
Instead of lightly penned;
And more than one translation,
When the lamp was beaming bright,

Has hastily been written
In pencil, by its light.

It has been very useful,
Tracing, from time to time,
Still patient and unwearied,
Some lengthened tale in rhyme.
It seems to love my fingers,
And yields it to their sway,
As if its only duty
Were to follow and obey.

It is a faithful servant;
And I trust it will be so,
When the Autumn has passed over,
And the winds of Winter blow;
My lonely hours beguiling,
Bidding cares shadows fly;
And calling past scenes brightly back
To memory's thoughtful eye.

# REST FOR THE WEARY.

Rest for the weary!
Calm, unbroken rest;
Where the green sod lightly
Mantles o'er each breast;
Where, in the soft zephyr,
The fair wildflowers wave;—
Rest for the weary,
In the peaceful grave.

Rest for the weary!
Long and dreamless sleep,
Where dark boughs wave freely,
As the light winds sweep
Through among the green leaves
Which the dew-drops lave;—
Rest for the weary,
In the peaceful grave.

Rest for the weary!
Hushed and deep repose,
Where the sunbeam glitters,
Where the streamlet flows.
This is the last blessing,
The crushed heart may crave;—
Rest for the weary,
In the peaceful grave.

## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Often, in a wayward moment,
Wearied with the cares of life,
Sinking 'neath its heavy burdens,
Shrinking from its ceaseless strife,—
Sheltered in my quiet corner,
I've thrown off the weight of care;
And amused myself, by building
Lofty castles in the air.

Storied arch and massive column,
Swelling dome and spacious hall,
As erected by enchantment,
Rose, obedient to my call.
Not like earthly edifices,
But more stately far, and fair;
Framed from Fancy's rare designing,
Were my castles in the air.

Hues far brighter than the sunset
Traces on the western sky,
Wreathed around each graceful column,
Hovered o'er each turret high;—
Tones far sweeter, than the zephyr,
O'er earth's hills and dales may bear,

Stole, in never-failing music,
Through my castles in the air.

Gladness, unalloyed by sorrow,—
Sunbeams, by no cloud o'er cast,—
Hope for the yet untried future,—
Pleasant memory of the past,—
Present, past, and future blended,
Each of bliss bestowed its share,
While I was securely dwelling
In my castles in the air.

I have seen, on Summer evenings,
Light clouds softly pass away,
Leaving not a trace to tell us
Where their gorgeous mantle lay.
Even as, full oft, have faded
The rich hues of light they wear;
Even so, full oft, have vanished
My frail castles in the air.

I was seated, yester even,
Calmly in my castle high,
When, with brow by care o'er-shadowed,
Stern Reality passed by.
Turrets, dome, and columns trembled,
At the glance which met them there;
And I own, I trembled also,
For my castle in the air.

Trembled! Who would not have trembled?
For, when the brief glance was o'er,
The fair structure lay in ruins;
Fancy's fitting home no more.
I to earth at once descended,
And now earnestly declare
My resolve to build, henceforward,
No more castles in the air.

## PARTING WORDS.

We may meet no more,
As erst we have met ;—
Is it strange that our eyes
With tears should be wet ?
Our last earthly greeting
May now have been given ;
Our last farewell uttered ;—
"Meet me in heaven."

In life's darker hours
A musical tone
Oft comes to my heart
When weary and lone.
When vainly with sorrow
My spirit has striven,
That sweet voice oft whispers
"Meet me in heaven."

Those words have brought peace
And comfort to me ;
And now, as we part,
I breathe them to thee ;—
Earth's sorrows all past,
Earth's sins all forgiven,—
Earth's friendships renewed,—
"Meet me in heaven."

## FRIENDS ARE ALL AROUND US.

Friends are all around us ;—
E'en the little child
Loves the stranger whom he met,
Who looked on him and smiled.
Friends are all around us,
If as friends we greet
Those whom in our journeying
On life's worn way we meet.

Friends are all around us ;—
By a kindly word,
By a look of sympathy
The heart's depths are stirred,
Do not all our footsteps
To the same home tend ?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend ?

Does the pure dew, glistening
On the fair wild rose,
Shun the dark, unlovely weed
That beside it grows ?
Does the sunbeam, shining
On the stately dome,

Lose its lustre when it rests
On the peasant's home ?

If one heart grows lighter,
By our words made glad,—
If one drooping spirit,
Weary, faint, and sad,
Half forgets its anguish
For a little while,
Is it vain for us to speak ?
Vain for us to smile ?

One word, kindly spoken,
Simple though it be,
Is often sweetest music
In the hour of agony.
One look, kindly given,
When the lips move not,
May be treasured in the heart,
Ne'er to be forgot.

There's an "open, sesame"
To each human heart ;
At whose magic sound, at once,
Freely thrown apart,
Are the close-barred portals
Of its deepest cell,
Bidding us in friendship's name,
Enter in and dwell.

Friends are all around us :—
There's a gentle tone,
Whereso'er we wander,
Answering to our own.
Do not all our footsteps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us,
Be to each a friend.

## THE STUDENT.

Lightly, the graceful foliage of the elm,
Whose spreading boughs o'erhung the moss-grown roof
Of the low, rustic cot, waved to and fro
In the soft breath of morning; and the light,
The first fair beams of the just-rising sun,
Stole through among the trembling leaves, and shed
On the gray roof and verdant turf beneath,
An ever-varying brightness.

Wearily
The youthful student leaned beside the lattice,
Gazing, as if unconscious that he gazed,
On the fair scene before him. The dark hair
Clustering o'er his high brow, was gently lifted
As the light breeze swept by, as if it loved
To sport with its rich curls. That brow was calm,
But very pale; and his dark eye was bright,
Too bright for health; and, as its earnest glance
Rested on the blue sky and verdant plain,
And far-off hill-tops, with their mist-robes wreathed
Gracefully round them, it gleamed still more brightly,
Till it seemed almost wild in its strange light;
And then, as if a gentler mood stole o'er
His mind, it filled with sudden tears. His cheek

Was deadly pale, save when the hectic flush—
That speaks at once, to the observant eye,
Of early parting, from the beautiful,
And loved, and prized of earth,—stole over it;
And his lips were compressed, as if the strife
Of a proud heart might be controlled and hushed
By the calm semblance of repose. He leaned,
In silence there, till the sweet hush of morn
Was broken by the sounds of bustling life,
That told of man's poor, daily toil; and then,
As if the spell that held him there were broken,
Turned silently away.

The Summer day
Was past. The sun had set; and the low hum
Of life had ceassd. The laborer had left,
Gladly, his weary toil, and sought his home,
To rest. And the young student leaned again
Beside the open lattice, and looked forth
Upon the fair hill-tops and the tranquil sky,
As at the early morning. The soft veil
Of eve was drawn around him; and the stars,
With their sad, gentle eyes looked brightly down,
As if they pitied him, who, gazing on them,
In their unfading beauty, was, so soon,
To rest where their soft glance might greet in love
His upward gaze no longer. Mournfully
He turned from his still converse with the sky;

And, bowing down his head on his clasped hands,
Wept long and bitterly.

The eve was gone,
And the deep, silent hush of midnight reigned
Unbroken, o'er the earth. The moon had risen,
And her pure light was beaming peacefully
On the fair scenes around that cottage home;
And, gazing on those scenes, as one who looked
On a remembered play-place of his youth
For the last time, lingered the student still,
In the deep shadow of the foliage
That overhung the casement. Once he turned
From his lone vigil, and glanced hastily
Around his quiet room. There, all unopened,
Lay the companions of his lonely hours,—
The volume rich in lore of other lands,
That oft had won him from his couch, at morn,
Ere the first light of dawn was on the hills;
And kept his taper burning, till the hours
Of eve were waning into sombre night.
What were they now to him? They could not bring
One lost pulse to his heart, or stay one moment
The life tide in its rapid ebb. They could not
Recall the color to his cheek, or give
His step its wonted lightness, or impart
One hope, one single hope for his faint spirit
To cling to in its weakness. What were they?
What had they ever been?—He had aimed high;

He had dreamed fondly of a lofty place,
A deathless name on earth; and he had toiled
To realize the dream his heart had woven;
And now, just as the first few steps were taken,
Just as his name had been but faintly breathed
Among the multitude,—while eager eyes
Were watching him, and loved hearts hoping with him,
Now, he must die,—and, in a few brief years,
His name, and toil, and very life itself
Would be forgotten.

Oh! 'tis agony,
To a proud, haughty heart to think of this!
Death, in itself, is nothing. It were easy
To die, could we but know our memory
Would live to speak of us to human hearts,
When we were gone,—could we but know our names
Would be upon the lips of those we loved
In blessing, and on stranger lips in praise;
But it is hard to think of lying down,
And being mantled o'er with the green sod,
And, when a few short days have flitted by,
No more remembered than the very turf
'Neath which they made our narrow home. 'Tis this
That makes the thought of death so fearful.

Young,
And gifted—talented, and noble-hearted— [should be
And loved, and doomed.—Strange that these words
So often linked together.

Morn's glad light
Found the young student watching still; but noon
Saw him upon his couch, with his pale hands
Folded upon his bosom, and his eyes
Closed in a quiet slumber. One more eve,
With its dim shadows, and its silvery stars,—
One more calm midnight hour, with its pure moonlight
And holy stillness,—and the next bright morn
Dawned in his silent chamber, just as life
Seemed for the last time, struggling in despair
With its all-conquering foe. His eyes were closed,
And the death-dew was on his brow, but still
Beside him, on his pillow, lay a volume
That he had loved, and read, and laid aside,
Gently, when from his failing eyes the light
Departed.—Still upon its silver clasp
His hand was resting, and a sister's tears
Were falling freely on it. Earthly wisdom
Had been but folly then; but a sure guide
And faithful, was beside him.

Noon's bright sun
Looked down upon the mansion of the living,
And of the dead. The weary was at rest.
His brilliant dreams of a high place on earth
Had been but dreams;—a lowly place in heaven—
Was it not better far?

## ON A PICTURE,

PRESENTED BY A CHILD.

THE gift of a child;—I prize it,
Not for its coloring rare,—
Not for its graceful outlines,
Or its faithful copying fair.
The pencil that portrayed it
Was not in an artist's hand,
And its lights and shades an artist
Would hardly understand.

Yet I love to look upon it,
For each rude outline tells,
Of the love that in the happy heart
Of guileless childhood dwells:
I love to look upon it,
For it sweetly speaks to me,
In a language, silent, yet eloquent
In its mute simplicity.

Children! blessings upon them!
I love their very name;
It brings the long-lost freshness
Back to the worn heart again.
Their love is a bright link in the chain
That binds our wayward will;

Making us, while we cling to earth,
Look up to heaven still.

I can see those tiny fingers,
Guiding the pencil through
Its varied evolutions,
Till fair before the view,
Lies the completed "picture,"
Such as childhood loves to trace,
And a glow of exultation
Steals o'er the laughing face.

Here, where the outline wavers
The pencil turned aside;
And there the small hand trembled,
As the circle smooth it tried;
Here, a leaf is disproportioned,
And there a stem is broken;
Yet, notwithstanding all, my love
For the picture shall be spoken.

I love it for the giver's sake;
And not for her's alone;
For the sake of all whose hearts reply
Warmly, as does my own,
To the sweet smile of childhood,
To the freely-proffered love,
Pure as aught can be that has dwelt
Away from its home above.

I love it for the memory
Of my own childish glee,
When a simple sketch like this was more
Than the wealth of the East to me.
Blessings attend the giver!
May her heart be pure as now,
When the traces of revolving years
Are written on her brow.

## MEMENTOES.

A simple memento,
A soft braid of hair,
That has smoothly been folded
O'er a friend's forehead fair,—
A flower that has blossomed,
And faded again,—
Still hoarded, still precious,
Though no bright hues remain,—
A frail, withered leaflet,
Laid fondly apart,—
'Tis strange how such tokens
Will speak to the heart.

I have cherished such often,—
Such still do I cherish ;—
Of the love they are emblems
That never can perish.
I value them highly,
For sweetly, from far,
Steals the heart-music o'er them,
Frail things that they are !
I love them ;—they whisper
Of friends far away ;
And their whispers awaken
Sweet Memory's lay.

I have many such tokens
  Of the absent to tell;
And while they are with me
  My friends seem to dwell
All around me, all near me,
  For their faces I see,
And their low, pleasant voices
  Are as music to me.
Though far distant from them,
  I am not alone,
While so many mementoes
  Of their love are my own.

I have many such tokens;—
  I have some that were given
By friends who have left earth,
  And gone home to heaven.
And these are most sacred;—
  I love all the rest;
But these are the dear ones,
  The treasured, the blest.
They bring high hopes, and holy,
  My sad heart to cheer;—
They bring sweet thoughts of heaven,
  When earth seems most drear.

These simple mementoes!
  'Mid the fair flowers of Spring,

Round the sere leaves of Autumn
The fond heart will cling.
The past is remembered
Though the present is bright;
And the friends who walked with us,
Through its shades to the light
Will not be forgotten,
While their pure love and deep
To our full hearts is mirrored
In the treasures we keep.

## REMEMBERED MUSIC.

Slowly it steals along, that low, sad strain,
Heard at the evening hour, o'er the low bier
Of the beloved and early lost. Its notes
Seemed then scarce like earth's melodies, and now
They are far sweeter, far more eloquent,
Than earthly music can be.—Softly, now,
It floats, as if the heart, in its deep grief,
Made the sweet voice come tremulous and low:
And now it rises, as its thrilling notes
Spoke of a spirit throwing off the weight
Of sorrow, and rejoicing in the hope
Of immortality.

Music! would I could tell
How much I owe to thee! Words are but weak,
Imperfect repetitions of the thoughts
They strive to express. Like the young artist's copy
Of some great master's grand design, they give
The outlines of our thoughts, and here and there,
Some stronger light or deeper shade, or contrast,
That strikes the mind most forcibly; but all
The finer and more delicate pencilings
That give to the whole picture its rare beauty,
Are wanting. Would this was not so, that I

Might mirror forth to the beholder's gaze
The unearthly melody of the sweet strain
That memory calls back from the shadowy past,
To sadden, while it soothes, my spirit.

Music!
It makes the light step in the joyous dance
Move still more lightly, and the sparkling eye
Beam with an added lustre—it imparts
Hope to the buoyant heart ;—it has a power
All, all its own, to mingle in our joy,
Making it still more joyful ; but it comes
Never to the full heart with such a thrill,
As when its slow and solemn notes are borne
On the still air of eve, in the low dirge,
Or mournful requiem. It soothes the anguish
Of the crushed heart, when uttered words would be
A bitter mockery. It has a power
Untold, unbounded. Well may we link with it
Thoughts of the mansions of the sinless. Well
May we speak of it as we speak of heaven,
And blend, in each dim vision of the blest,
The harmonious with the beautiful.

'Tis strange
How after the long lapse of years, the tones
Of a remembered lay will sweetly steal
Through the dim, haunted chambers of the soul,

Bringing bright memories of scenes that else
Had long since been forgotten. And 'tis strange
How the fond heart clings to such melodies;
As mine, e'en now, is clinging to the strain,
That woke in early years, the sympathies
That since have slept so long.

Remembered music!
It is not like aught else thy heart hoards up
Among its choicest treasures. 'Mid its gems,—
The gathered wealth of many a foreign clime,
Won in long-vanished years,—it rests alone,
In a soft beauty of its own, the beauty
Of the pure spiritual, as it lies
Beside the dull material.

Sweet strain
Of other years! Oft may the softened notes
Hover around me, awakening thoughts of one
Whose song was sweet on earth, and now must be
Far sweeter, rising 'mid the angel choir.

## THE SUMMER SHOWER.

The Summer shower! The Summer shower!
It is lightly falling on grass and flower;
On the misty hill-tops, far away,—
In the meadows, on the new-mown hay,—
On the lofty boughs of the orchard tree,
Where the robin is warbling in his glee,
As if he felt the refreshing power
Of the cooling drops of the Summer shower.

It is falling on the shining leaves
The woodbine twines round the cottage eaves;—
It is falling on the roof-tree gray,
Where the moss has clung for many a day;—
It is falling on the flowers that spring
'Neath the vines that o'er them their shadow fling;
And roof-tree, and vine, and timid flower
Seem to welcome, alike, the Summer shower.

And I welcome it also. It bears to me
A whisper of mournful melody;
A murmur, as of the farewell tone
Of a voice long since from earth's music gone;
Yet I love it; I love it because it brings
Beauty and joy to all living things;—
Song to the robin, green leaves to the bower,
And light to the blue sky—the Summer shower.

## THE MISSIONARY'S BURIAL.

Sunset in the far East! The cooling breeze
Of eve swept through the branches of the palm,
And played with the tall cocoa's feathering crest,
And stole sweet perfume from the cinnamon
And nutmeg groves, and from the countless flowers
That in their beauty, bowed their bright young heads,
Beneath its passing wing. The gorgeous hues
Of parting day were on the floating clouds,
That, in the clear blue vault, high over head,
Spread their fantastic canopy, in forms
That might have mocked the painter's magic art
To copy, or the poet's imagery
To shadow forth in dim comparison.
Mountain, and vale, and cliff, and forest tree,
And castle-turret high, and cottage roof,
And graceful wanderer o'er the wave, with wing
Spread wide to waft her on her ocean way,—
All these the eye of fancy might have traced,
Moving or motionless, in the blue sky.

The brilliant hues of the calm sunset hour
Were yet in all their splendor, as along
The winding streets, through the dense multitude
That silently made way at its approach,

A funeral train moved on, with heavy hearts
Bearing the young, and gentle, and beloved,
Peacefully folded in deep, dreamless slumber,
To her last place of rest.

She had gone forth
In the glad morn of life, from home and friends,
To seek in a far land, a home with those
Who knew not the Redeemer, at whose name
Her warm heart thrilled with gratitude,—to speak
To them of Him,—to tell them of his love,
And the great sacrifice that love had offered
For them as well as her,—to strive to win
Their hearts for Him who had so freely given
His life to save them from eternal death.
For this she left her native land,—for this,
With a loved mother's kiss on her fair brow,—
With a fond father's blessing,—with the clasp
Of a kind brother's hand, and the warm tears
Of a young, gentle sister on her cheek,
She breathed her last farewell to home and friends;
And, smiling through her tears, and blessing them
In flattering accents, sought, in humble trust,
A place of toil and watching in the land
Of strangers. She had reached that land, and found
A welcome. She had labored faithfully,
And not in vain; for those for whom she toiled
Had learned to love her, and, far more, to love

The God of whom she told them. She had seen
An answer to her prayers, a recompense
For all her toils. And now, her work was done;
And they were bearing her away, to rest.

They gathered around her grave, and strewed fresh flowers
Upon her coffin; and the voice of prayer
Rose in its deep solemnity, more deep
In such a scene and hour; and, ere the sky
Had lost the last of the rich hues that gave
Such beauty to its graceful drapery,
Feeling that one of their small band had found
The home that all were seeking, from her grave
They turned away, to think of her in heaven.

Heaven, the Christian's home! We should not weep
When our beloved ones leaves us, could we see
The welcome that awaits them there. And she,
Meek, patient laborer in the sacred fields
Of the great Master,—though her grave lies far
From her own home, severed by the wide sea
From the green churchyard where her friends will rest,
May meet them all rejoicing, there, once more,
And with them meet those whom her faithful toil,
Crowned with a blessing from on high, first led
From the dark paths of error, to the light
That, beaming from the lamps of truth, points out
To the bewildered wanderer, faint and weary
With his long journeying, "a better way."

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love! A mother's love
It came, at first, from heaven;
And the purity of its home above
To its sojourn here is given.
Earth's cares may crush, earth's sorrows blight,
But still, on our lonely way
That one sweet star sheds its changeless light,
And we bless its holy ray.

A mother's love! We know its worth
When the hand of death has riven
The ties that bound to our home on earth
An inhabitant of heaven.
When we print the last kiss on the pallid cheek,
When we kneel the low grave above,
Then we feel our lips have no words to speak,
The worth of a mother's love.

## CONSOLATION IN SORROW.

My heart was sad, and my home seemed dark and lonely;
Therefore I went forth to look upon the fading flowers,
To hear the sighing of the wind among the branches of the trees,
And to muse upon the strange, sad destiny of man,
And there came a still voice to me in my wanderings,
Speaking of peace to my troubled spirit.
It whispered from the boughs, where the sere leaves were waving;
It rose from the earth, where the Autumn flowers were clambered;
clinging;
It came from the rugged rock, over which the wild vines
It stole through the shadowy aisles of the old, moss-grown ruin;
It mingled with the murmur of the mountain streamlet;
It was blended with the wild-bird's joyous carol;
And my sadness departed as I listened to it;
For it seemed a sweet tone from the land of spirits,
Sent to me in love from the unseen world.

And this was its message, spoken not, but understood;
"All around thee is glad, wherefore art thou mourning?
Wherefore is thy brow shadowed, even in the joyous sunshine?
Why answers not thy heart to the music of nature?
Why joins not thy voice in the universal anthem?"

And sadly I answered, "I am mourning for the lost.
Can sunlight bring gladness to the lone, aching heart?
Can it shed its own brightness on the darkened spirit?
I hear the glad music; but loved voices are wanting,
How can I sing when they are silent?"

[responded;

"Thou art mourning for the lost!" that sweet voice
"Whom callest thou so? It was but yester even
That thou wert bearing, with smiles and tones of gladness,
To a sunny nook by thy quiet chamber window,
The chrysalis, in its slumbers, upfolded
In the soft web-woven for its shelter.
There was no beauty in it, no token
Of the life that was to give to its inmate
Power to burst asunder its enfolding shroud,
And soar upward, in the clear light of heaven,
Yet couldst thou leave it resting in the sunshine,
And believe that it would assume a form of beauty,
And gladden thy heart by the rich coloring of its wings,
And the graceful ease of its wayward motions. [mournest
And canst thou not believe that those for whom thou
Will awaken again from the slumbers of the tomb?
Cannot the same voice that calls the bright insect
Forth to its sports in the Summer sunshine,
Call from the still dust the dreamless sleeper,
Unclose the dark portals of the dark sepulchre,
And restore to thee once more the loved and loving,
Clad in the robes of heavenly purity,
Circled with the halo of heavenly light?

"Doubt not that they will come to thee; but see thou do
this;
Keep thy spirit pure, that it may be meet to receive them,
Lest they pause by thy side but to look with pity upon thee,
Ere they spread the white wings that dazzle thee with their
brightness,
And pass to their own home, leaving thee alone forever."

Then the sweet voice was hushed, and my heart was
And I looked with delight on the golden sunshine, [comforted
And listened with joy to the melody of nature;
And forgetting my sorrow in gratitude and praise,
I returned from my wanderings to the shelter of my home.

## AUTUMN.

THE flowers of Summer,—where are they?
They have blossomed, and silently passed away;
And the quiet Autumn-time is here,
Wreathed with a garland of leaflets sere.
Many a mournful music strain
Breathes of the faded monarch's reign;
The beauty and bloom of the Summer have flown;
And light hearts are saddened, and pleasant paths lone.

Yet Autumn, to me, is a welcome guest;—
I love its calm hours of peace and rest.
Green leaves may wither, fair flowers may fade,
And bright birds fly far from the forest shade;
But though hope and gladness with them depart,
Love lingers still in the lonely heart;
And the memories that around Autumn cling,
Are but the o'ershadowed hopes of Spring.

I have wandered, pensively, alone,
In the woodland walks around my home,
The verdure has left the wreathing vine,
And the blushing wildflowers no longer twine,
A garland of beauty, frail as fair,
Such as a fairy might love to wear;
And I missed green leaves from the forest tree,
And the song of the bird, and the hum of the bee.

Where the flowers of Autumn were clustering
I watched in vain for the butterfly's wing;
Those fragile blossoms were wan and pale,
And the breeze swept by with a mournful wail,
As if chanting, amid the forest bowers,
A requiem for the dying flowers;
And withered leaves in each pathway lie,
Like mournful memories of days gone by.

But the moss is green by the woodland rill,
And the merry little streamlet, still,
Murmuring sweetly its own wild song,
Beneath the dark branches glides swiftly along;
Bearing the withered leaves away,
In its rippling current's ceaseless play,
As lightly as Time's broad stream bears on
Earth's voyagers towards their peaceful home.

And the stately pine rears its lofty crest,
Clad in its own dark, verdant vest;
Like a faithful friend, whom no fortunes changed;
Or honors lost, have as yet estranged;
And though sere leaves are round me, and bright
dreams are o'er,
I but love these lone wood-walks of mine the more,
As the true heart more closely will twine round a
friend
Whom misfortunes, and trials, and sorrows attend.

Autumn! pale Autumn! a welcome to thee!
Thy shadows have radience and beauty for me.
Like the frail, faded flowers, and the sere leaves within
Thy lone, silent bowers, have my own glad hopes been;
As bright, as unshadowed,—and where are they now?
Gone, like the leaf when it falls from the bough:
Gone, like the flower that bends to the blast, passed.
And is sought for in vain, when the storm-wind has

Aye gone, and forever,—and sadly I tread
A path with the wrecks of past happiness spread;
Where treasures are buried and sought for in vain,—
Whence bright ones have flown, to return not again,—
Where each step some lost vision of beauty recalls,
Like the echo that rings through the desolate halls,
When the wanderer returns to his own home once more,
And finds it a dream of the days that are o'er.

Hush! hush! my sad heart;—let thy murmuring
If joy has departed, abide thou with peace;— cease;
If pleasure has ceased her frail garlands to twine,
Resignation's pale chaplet, at least, may be thine.
Then wear it in meekness, and think of the home
Where the faithful, released from earth's trials, shall come,
Where changing, and sorrow, and sin have no part,
And no Autumn may shadow the mind or the heart.

## PEACE AND REST.

PEACE and rest;—art thou weary?
Is life's journey long?
Are thy heart-chambers dreary
In the midst of the throng?
Where sunbeams are glancing
Seest thou but a shade?
Where green leaves are dancing,
Are withered flowers laid?

Where wild-birds are singing,
Hear'st thou but the tone
From far echoes ringing,
Sad, sad as thy own?
Where bright waves are gleaming
Beneath the blue skies,
Dost thou pause in thy dreaming
With sorrow-dimmed eyes?

Where music is waking
Its wild gladsome strain,
Is thy lonely heart aching,
With memories vain
Of the tones that were blended
With that simple song,
Ere thy dear ones ascended
To join the bright throng?

Have thy fond hopes been blighted?
Has grief wrung thy heart?
Has love's chain been united
But to be rent apart?
Are thy still musing only
Of sorrow and care?
I also am lonely;
Thy griefs let me share.

I, too, have been weeping
O'er hopes long since fled;
My best friends are sleeping
Where damp dews are shed;—
Dark clouds gather o'er me;
Wild winds round me sweep;
And the pathway before me
Is rugged and steep.

Yet onward! still onward!
With firm step and free;—
Wilt thou journey homeward,
Worn pilgrim, with me?
The shades may fall deeper
As onward we go,
Our path become steeper,
Our footsteps more slow.

What then? Our home lieth
Beyond, calm and fair;—

Thy full heart replieth
"Oh! would I were there!"
Life's bright dreams have vanished,
And sadly we come,
Like exiles long banished,
Once more to our home.

Our home! Who will greet us
First, 'mid the bright host?
Will they be first to meet us
Whom here we loved most?
Will kind words once spoken
Be sweetly told o'er,
And ties, long since broken,
Linked closely once more?

We know not; but slowly
And steadily on,
Unwavering, though lowly,
We pass to our home.
Our path may be dreary,
Our spirits oppressed,
But home to the weary,
Will give peace and rest.

## PATIENCE! BRETHREN, PATIENCE!

Patience, brethren, patience!
Look upon the lofty tower;—
Deem ye that it rose
From the dust in one short hour?
Or that more than mortal power
Reared it where it throws
Its deep shadow, far and wide,
At the morn and eventide?
Slowly, firmly, one by one,
Every timber, every stone
In its own good place was laid,
Till the workman's toil was done,
And on the last turret played
Brightly, evening's setting sun.

Patience, brethren, patience!
Look upon the stately tree;
Saw ye when it threw
In its weakness, tremblingly,
Its first frail shoot forth, to be
Nursed by evening's dew?
The light breeze that swept the lea,
In its wayward wanderings free,
Bent the slight and flexile stem
Even to the green earth, then,

Look upon it now ;—it stands
In the lonely forest glen,
Like the owner of the lands,
'Mid his humble vassal men.

Patience, brethren, patience !
Look upon the scroll of fame,
And with thoughtful care,
Trace, in character's of flame,
Once, again—the proudest name
Ever written there.
Where was cast his early lot ?
In some lonely peasant's cot,
Built upon the ocean's shore,
Or the mountain's summit hoar.
There his young hands, hard with toil,
And his young heart shadowed o'er,
First he learned to till the soil,
Or to tempt the ocean's roar.

Patience, brethren, patience !
Slowly from the hidden spring
The bright current steals,
Life, and light, and joy to bring
Unto every living thing
That its presence feels ;—
Silently the gentle dew
Smiles 'neath evening's sky of blue ;—

Silently the sunlight beams
On the meadows and the streams ;—
  Yet how many love and bless,
In their brilliant waking dreams,
  In their tranquil happiness,
Fount, and dews, and sunshine gleams !

  Patience, brethren, patience !
In the ways of pleasantness,
  In the paths of peace,
Slowly, firmly onward press,
Till the glorious morn ye bless,
  When all strife shall cease ;—
Till, afar, o'er shore and sea,
Sounds the shout of jubilee,
Till the flag of freedom waves
O'er our free-born father's graves ;—
  Till the whole wide world shall be
Free as the wild wing that braves
  The rude storm-blast fearlessly ;—
Sweeps it o'er a land of slaves ?

  Patience, brethren, patience !
Then the day of rest shall come ;—
  Then the timid dove
May, in the wide woodland lone,
With the vulture find a home,
  Trusting in his love.

Then the lion, in his pride,
And the lamb may, side by side,
Quietly lie down to rest,
With the hand of childhood pressed
Fearlessly on both; and then
Faith may come a welcome guest,
To the still abodes of men,
Hand in hand with Peace, the blest.

Patience, brethren, patience!
Distant far that time may seem;
Yet it may not be
Half so distant as ye deem;—
—Men may waken from their drean,
Waken, and be free.
Still pursue the onward way,—
Watch, and toil, believe, and pray;—
Soon, night's shades may be withdrawn;—
Soon a brighter day may dawn;—
Onward still, through toil and care,
Till the shades of life are gone;
Till the day of rest ye share;—
Brethren, God will speed ye on.

## THE FROST-KING.

THE frost-king has come from his northern home,
And has waved his sceptre high,
O'er the hills and vales and wood-paths lone,
That slept 'neath the cloudless sky.
He shrouded his flight in the mantle of night,
But his swift pinions wide were unfurled:
And his seal was impressed, in distruction and blight,
On our blooming and beautiful world.

In the garden bed the damp dews were shed,
'Neath the shade of his hovering wing,
And the queen-like dahlia bowed low its bright head,
That graceful and beautiful thing.
It had bowed to the blast when the sky was o'er cast,
And arisen in beauty again;
But its petals grew pale as the frost-king swept past,
And we watched for their brightening in vain.

The fairy flowers in the woodland bowers,
That within the forest shade
Bloomed after those of brighter hours
Had low in the dust been laid,
Sank 'neath the stern hand that wide o'er the land
Extended its conquering sway:—
It left not one of the dearly loved band;
All, all were swept away.

The leaves that shone in the sunbeams thrown
On the branches bending low,
As they answered to the wind's soft tone,
Or brightened with morning's glow,—
Withered and pale, were strewn by the gale
On the cold earth's silent breast;
And the breeze, with a low and murmuring wail,
Seemed lulling them to their rest.

Yet many a gem from his diadem
The frost-king's hand had thrown
On the earth, as if he had offered them
For the beauty he claimed as his own,
We saw not their fall; but they lay like a pall
Of brightness over the tomb
Where his ruthless hands had buried all
That made our hearts glad with its bloom.

He shrouded his flight in the mantle of night,
But his swift pinions wide were unfurled,
And his seal was impressed, in destruction and blight,
On our blooming and beautiful world.
Long, long ere the day wakened earth with its ray,
He paused, with upfolded wing;
But wide realms had acknowledged his conquering sway,
And obeyed the low voice of their king.

## WOODLAND WANDERINGS.

I love the dark old forest. I have passed
Many a happy hour beneath the boughs
Of the tall trees that to my childish fancy
Seemed like still sentinels, keeping their watch
Unwearied, o'er the dim and winding ways,
Year after year. The sweet flowers bloom and fade;
The singing-birds come with the early Spring,
And pass away with the late Autumn-time;
But the proud, stately trees stand silently
Through Spring and Summer, Autumn-time and Winter,
Each in its own good place. I love to see
Their green leaves changing, when the frost-king waves
His sceptre over them. It is as if
They robed themselves anew to greet his coming,
And donned their gorgeous mantle as a welcome
To his approach. And when their bright-hued leaves
Grow sere, and fall before the blast, I love
To wander through the lone paths where they lie,
And musing, liken them to the fair hopes
That with them fall and withered. When stern Winter
Comes with his stainless robe, I love to stand
Beneath the branches bending with the weight
Of the pure spotless snow-wreath, or enshrined
In the clear, sparkling crystal, throwing back
The sunlight's radiance with a dazzling glow
Of brilliant rainbow hues, as if each branch

Even to the slightest twig, had decked itself
With diamonds for a monarch's festival.
—Spring, joyous Spring may read her welcome back
In the bright verdure on the waving boughs,
And Summer in the broad green leaves that glance
In morn's first golden sunbeam.

Wanderings!

Am I not wandering now? It was not this
Of which I meant to speak, but the still paths
Through which I love to rove.

There was one path
That often won me from my homeward way,
When, school-tasks over, I returned, at eve
To our low, lonely cottage. That one path
Diverged from the main road, and wound along
Under the branches of the aged oaks
That had o'er-shadowed it for centuries.
I loved to wander there, for all was still
And peaceful; and the light of sunset seemed
To fall with a peculiar, softened radiance
On the smooth turf, and sere leaves, and dark boughs
That waved above them. The clear Summer sky
Seemed of a softer, deeper blue, when seen
Through the light graceful curtain of green leaves
That hung above me, trembling in the breath
Of evening. And when deeper shadows came,
And the bright stars looked down upon me there,

It seemed as if a low voice greeted me
From every darkened bough, breathing of peace;
And bidding me forget earth and earth's pleasures,
And think of heaven. And, when I looked up
At those bright orbs, it seemed as if each star
Spake, in its own sweet language, to my heart;
And, for the moment, I could almost deem
Earth's cares and sorrows would no more have power
To cast a shadow on my spirit.—Dreams—
Would that such dreams as these might last.

——— that path
Is not now as it used to be. The axe
Has laid the monarchs of the forest low;
And my heart saddens as I gaze upon
The scene of desolation. I love not
To tread that wood-path now; for it is like
Re-visiting a scene of former years,
And finding there the silent graves of those
Whose welcome we had hoped for.

Joyously
The wood-bird oft has carolled his wild song,
On the dark branches of the pines, above
A path that oft has welcomed me, as if
It knew I loved it dearly. The dark pines!
They change not like the other forest trees,
With every changing season, Their green robe
Is of a deeper hue, and many say

That they are gloomy; but they always smile
On me. It may be I am gloomy too,
And therefore they are meet companions for me;
But be that as it may, I love them. Wherefore?
Because they seem to me like faithful friends,
Whose features may seem grave when pleasure's sunshine
Is beaming on us, but whose ready smile
Is sure to cheer us, when dark sorrow comes
To circle us with shadows.

Many times,
When I have wandered through that lonely walk,
A shade has fallen on my heart. It seemed,
Sometimes as if strange voices whispered low
Amid the deepening shadows, breathing words
Whose meaning was unknown to me; and then
My childish heart was filled with awe, until
The next bright gleam of sunshine, or glad note
Of woodland warbler woke me from my dream,
To smile at my own fancies.

Silently
On the bright moss at the tall pine-tree's root
Oft I reclined, well pleased to lose myself
In the wild mazes of a waking dream;
And often, up the steep and slippery rock
At which the brief path ended, fearlessly
I clambered; aided by the slender twigs
And twisted roots of the o'erhanging tree,

To rest upon the summit. There, the breeze
Had room to play more freely, and I loved
To sit and feel its light wings fan my brow.
And there, too, the low sound that rose, as stole
The light wind through the branches of the trees,
Was like the far off moan of the deep sea;
And, as I listened to it, though itself
Seemed hushed to slumber.

Pleasant memories,—
Can we grow weary of them?

One more path,
Only one more, will I, with fancy's aid,
This eve retrace again. The birch and pine,
The graceful maple and the stately oak
O'er-shadowed it; and the sweet forest flowers
In all their beauty, blossomed in the shade
Made by the mingling of their waveing boughs.
I loved that path; for over hill and dale,
Through shade and sunshine, still, it led me on
Mile after mile; and there were pleasant places
To rest when weary, and new paths to try
When old ones grew familiar; and the whole
Was like a fairy tale, told o'er and o'er,
But each time fraught with some new wonder, so
That the ear wearied not with hearing it;
Or like a gorgeous painting, many times
Exhibited, each time with some new light

Or shade upon it thrown, so that it seemed
Upon each view, even to the very last,
More beautiful than it before had been.
In that wild, lonely walk I always found
Some shrub before unnoticed, or some flower
That spoke of a new class, and challenged me
To find its name and place in Nature's kingom;
Or some rare specimen to deck the shelf
Of the learned mineralogist; or else
Some new and curious moss; or some slight cell
In which the skilful insect architect
Had found a safe abode; or there would be
A bird building its nest on the high bough
Of one of the tall trees, or carolling
Its sweetest song to cheer its mate, or bearing
Food to its unfledged little ones. And sometimes
The nimble squirrel would bound o'er my path,
Looking, for all the world, as if he laughed
As he fled from me. How I longed to tame him,
And love him as a playful pet! And then
The brilliant butterfly would flit along
Before me, as if seeking for the flowers
That wooed him with their fragrance; and the bee,
That never-wearied laborer, was there,
Singing his own low song to cheer his toil.
Oh, there was much to make that lonely walk
Lovely and dear to me, and even now
I think of it with joy.

Lone wildwood wanderings!
They have been more, to me, than most would deem them.
I have gone forth when lonely, and returned
Feeling that faithful friends were all around me.
I have gone forth in sadness, and returned
With my heart comforted, and filled with joy.
I have gone forth when I felt almost weary
Of life;—when this poor, changing world of ours,
With all its jars, its discord, and its strife,
Had wakened bitter thoughts of those who dwell
Within its circle; and I have returned,
Feeling that while I had so much to love me
I could forgive and love an erring brother,
And ask him to forgive me also. And,
When I have gone forth with a cheerful spirit,
I have returned again with gratitude
Filling my heart, and praise upon the lips
That fain would give it utterance, in notes
Of sweetest melody. My woodland wanderings
Have seldom been without an aim, and never
Without a recompense. And is it strange
That I should often think of them with pleasure,
Or that I should attempt to give to others
Some faint idea of the happiness
That they have given me? This simple sketch,
Imperfect as it is, may serve, perchance,
Dimly to shadow forth the thoughts that made
Those woodland wanderings so dear to me.

## THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

The Sabbath,—it is here again,
And joyously we greet
Its light, and the old church-bell's chime
Is music, sad and sweet.
It rose, at morn, with solemn tone
On the soft slumbering air,
To call the faithful worshippers
Forth to the house of prayer.

And they obeyed the summons;—forth
From many a quiet home,
Embosomed in the forest dell,
Or on the hill-side lone,—
Beneath the shade of the dark pines,
Or o'er the meadows fair,
They passed in cheerful, social groups,
Towards the loved house of prayer.

Manhood, in its stern, haughty strength,
With step and mien of pride,
And youth with bright, unshadowed face.
Moved onward, side by side;
And bending age, with furrowed brow,
And thin and hoary hair,—
And childhood, in its thoughtless joy,—
All sought the house of prayer.

They stood within the sacred fane,
And childhood's sunny smile
Passed from the rosy lip away,
In the dim, shadowy aisle.
Old age forgot its weariness,
Manhood its pride and care,—
And youth bent low its ringlets bright,
In the still house of prayer.

Father, thy children come to thee,
For counsel, and for aid;—
Thou art their shepherd and their guide,—
Their hope—their sun—their shade,
Look down on all who on this day
Thy sacred service share,
And make each heart within thy house,
Itself a house of prayer.

## THE HOME OF THE HEART.

We speak of home,—what mean we
By that dear word? The cot
That sheltered us in childhood,
First loved and last forgot?
Or the happy dwelling-place
That was ours in after years,
That heard our children's laughter,
And saw our children's tears?

Nay, nay;—the lowly cottage
Where our loved parents dwelt,
Where each even, round the hearth-fire
At the same still hour we knelt,—
Where we learned our first sweet Sabbath song,
Our first few words of prayer,—
Its memory is holy—
But our home,—it is not there.

Nor yet in the loved dwelling
We spoke of as our own,
When deeper cares their shadow
Over our hearts had thrown.
We were happy, oh! how happy!
Earth seemed all bright and fair,
While we dwelt 'neath that dear roof-tree,—
But our home,—it is not there.

Where the dear ones who passed from us
With words of sad farewell
Now, robed in stainless vestments,
With the holy angels dwell,—
Where love is not half anguish,—
Where friends meet not to part,—
There is the spirit's dwelling,
The calm home of the heart.

How many of our dear ones
Have reached that happy home!
Are they not watching for us?
Waiting till we shall come?
Deep, deep within our bosoms
Pure love for them we bear;—
They remember us in heaven,—
Our home,—it is with them there.

## DEATH OF A CHILD.

Gone to thy home,
Our gentle one,
  Like Spring's first fragile flower,—
As bright thy bloom,
As swift thy doom,—
  The dirge at thy burial hour,—
What should it be?
A strain as free
  As the bird's glancing wing—
Sad as the tone
Of sorrow's moan,—
Sweet as the song of Spring.

Our loved and blest!
Calm be thy rest
  In the still forest shade;
The hand of love
Thy grave above
  Has strewn fresh flowers, to fade,
Like thee—like thee!
Oh! home will be
  To us, a darkened place;—
Its dearest light
Was the sunshine bright
  That beamed from thy young face

That light has fled ;—
Tears have been shed
  Above thy early bier ;—
Yet, thou art blest ;
To thy still rest,
  Loved one, we leave thee here.
A floral gem,
Rent from its stem,—
  A treasure—lent—not given,—
A star, whose light
Through sorrow's night,
  Beams on us now from heaven.

## A SPELL IS ON MY SPIRIT.

A spell is on my spirit;—
Vainly it strives to soar;—
Earth's shadows gather round me,—
Earth's many cords have bound me,—
When will this dream be o'er?

A spell is on my spirit,
A shade is on my brow,—
Oh, for one ray of gladness
To gild the cloud of sadness
That hovers o'er me now.

A spell is on my spirit;—
The weight of earthly care,—
The dim hopes from us fading,—
The fears life's pathway shading,—
All these are hard to bear.

A spell is on my spirit,
The spell of silent wo:
My heart is vainly yearning
For steps, whose glad returning
My home no more may know.

A spell is on my spirit,
A spell of fearful power;—

Sweet words, by pale lips spoken,
Ere yet love's ties were broken,
Haunt me, at eve's hushed hour.

A spell is on my spirit,
A spell I may not break;—
Departed ones are near me,—
I speak,—do they not hear me?
When will my heart awake?

A spell is on my spirit,—
Warm gushing tears are shed;—
Loved arms are round me twining—
Bright eyes are on me shining,—
And have I waked the dead?

A spell is on my spirit,
A deep, a solemn spell,
A music-tone is breathing
Through the shades around me wreathing,
A sad, yet sweet farewell.

The spirit-spell is broken,—
Those shadowy forms have fled;—
Oh, 'tis a precious treasure,
The power to call, at pleasure,
Those holy ones—the dead.

## THE MINIATURE.

To ——— ———

Beautiful, is it not? Ah, well,
I'm glad you think it so;—
Just look upon those glossy curls,
And that calm brow of snow:
See the glad, joyous light that beams
From those deep eyes of blue,
And the smile upon those rosy lips,—
Will they not speak to you?

What is the lady thinking of?
Tell me, if you can guess;
Of the graceful folds, so smoothly laid,
In her white satin dress?
Of the book she is holding in her hand?
Or the single rose-bud fair,
Half hidden 'mid the ringlets bright
Of her shining auburn hair?

No, no,—far deeper thoughts than these
Those sparkling blue eyes tell;
I've looked on them before, my friend,
And can read their meaning well.

I can give unto their radiant glance
Interpretation true;
And indeed, I really believe,
She is thinking now of you.

What? blushing, are you? Really!
'Tis well enough for girls
To hide their glowing cheeks amid
Their softly-clustering curls;
But truly, I love not to see
On a high, manly brow,
The mantling crimson flush, that rests
Deeply on yours just now

Ah! have I vexed you?—That is fine;
What would that lady say,
If those dark eyes should flash at her,
As they do at me, I pray?
Would her blue eyes flash back again?
Or would they fill with tears?
Indeed, I must confess, for her
I have many, many fears.

And none for you? Oh no, not one;—
Ah! it is all in vain
For you to call that winning smile
Back to your lip again.

You frowned on me just now ; therefore
I say, and mean so, too,
I shall love your lady just three times
As well as I do you.

But, seriously, now, those eyes,
And that fair, youthful face
Might well, in a warm heart like yours,
Secure a lasting place.
Most happy, in your cottage home,
I doubt not you will be ;
You surely will, if happiness
Depends on love from me.

## SCHOOL DAYS.

ADDRESSED TO A FORMER SCHOOLMATE.

Have you forgotten, my gentle friend,
The happy days we spent
In the old school-house, when the hours
Like swift-winged minutes went?
The problems we solved, the tasks we conned,
The teachers we perplexed?
The petty joys that delighted us,
And the petty cares that vexed?

Have you forgotten them, my friend?
Or do you remember, now,
The sun shine and the shadows
That flitted o'er each brow?
The reading and the spelling,
Aye, and the writing, too?
Oh, you cannot have forgotten
The notes I wrote to you!

Our kind, but watchful teacher?
Little indeed he thought
Of the missions he was learning,
Or the mischief that he wrought,
When he passed the school-books over,
Kindly, from you to me;—
We could not learn without them,
He knew as well as we.

But he did not know, I fancy,
Although we surely did,
How many folded papers
Among the leaves lay hid,
Each bearing kindly messages,
Or laughing words of glee
From me to you, my gentle one,
Or back from you to me.

His calm brow would have darkened,
And his bright lip lost its smile,
Had he the ruse suspected,—
But we managed well, awhile,
Till school was done, and then goodbye
To long walks through the snow,—
To play, and books, and mischief,
And tales of long ago.

Goodbye to all the scholars,
The merry laughing elves,
Whom we loved, dear little urchins,
But second to ourselves;—
Goodbye to the kind teacher,
Whom we oft had disobeyed:
But whose kindness, notwithstanding all
With genuine love we paid.

And, harder than the parting
From all the rest, goodbye
To a certain gentle friend of mine,
With her mischief-making eye,—

With her wreathing lip, and sunny brow,
And brightly-glowing cheek ;—
That last goodbye, my gentle one,
Was a hard word to speak.

Our meetings, since that, have been few,
And they have been brief and sad ;
But these lines must not breathe of sorrow,
For I wish them to make you glad ;—
I wish them to whisper softly
Of bygone hours of glee,
To awaken, in your warm heart
Sweet memory of me.

Friend, friend, always remember
Those happy, happy days ;—
Their sunny scenes are often
Pictured to my still gaze.
Oh, you will not forget them,
For your heart is warm and true ;
But, when school-days are with you, think
Of one who thinks of you.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

The free, wild spirit of the storm!
His voice is on the air to-night;
And wild are the echoes backward borne
From wooded glen and height,
My heart leaps up with a strange joy,
As o'er the earth rings out,
Like the pealing cry of victory,
That thrilling spirit-shout.

The free, wild spirit of the storm!
His voice sounds o'er the heaving main;—
Wo to the sailor who hears that shout!
He will not come home again.
Wo to the barque that meets the blast!
The moan of the ocean-surge,
And the song of the storm-spirit in his glee
Will be its burial dirge.

The free, wild spirit of the storm!
He shouts through the mountain-path;—
Wo to the hapless traveller
Who meets him in his wrath!
The snowy robe that o'er the earth
His hand has freely spread,
Will lightly wreathe its mantling folds
Around his last low bed.

The free, wild spirit of the storm !
His banner was darkly thrown
Forth to the breeze, at early morn,
With a blast like a trumpet tone,—
Like the charging cry of a mighty host,
Sweeping on o'er the battle-plain ;—
The shades of eve find it waving still ;—
When will it be furled again ?

The free, wild spirit of the storm !
His sceptre is one of might,—
His shout is the voice of triumph high,—
What spoils has he won to-night ?
He has passed o'er the hill-side, bleak and lone,
And through the dark woodland dell ;—
What deep tone heralded his approach ?
What words of his works shall tell ?

The free, wild spirit of the storm !
The forest sentinels bowed,
As he passed on, in his fearless strength,
Like a king through the kneeling crowd ;
And sternly he smiled, in his haughty scorn,
To see how the mighty bent,
In homage at his very look,
As he proudly onward went.

The free, wild spirit of the storm !
There is majesty in his mien ;

There is music in his changeful tone,
And light in his eye's wild gleam.
Let others shrink from his piercing glance,
And fly from his shadowy form,—
I welcome the melody of the shout
Of the spirit of the storm.

## SONNET.

TO MY SISTER.

Sister ! sweet sister ! silently I trace,
With earnest eye, thy pictured features fair ;—
A blessing rest upon the sunny face
That haunts my dreams and smiles upon my prayer.
A young and hopeful heart's calm gladness lies
Mirrored in the clear depths of those dark eyes,
A stranger well might deem the shade of wo
Had never fallen on thy path of light ;
But I, sweet sister, know it is not so,
And prize the gentle spirit, in the might
Of pure affection strong to meet the blow
That crushed me to the earth. May God requite
The noble heart that in its inmost shrine
Hid its own grief, and shed the light of love o'er mine.

## STANZAS.

A gem from the casket,—
A rose from the tree,—
On desert sands fading,
Or whelmed 'neath the sea,—
A tone from a harp-string,
Floating mournfully by,
Awakening no echo
To breathe a reply,—
Too often—too often
Meet emblems may be,
Of wealth of mind offered
Cold world, unto thee.

The gem from the ocean
The diver may bring,—
The rose o'er the desert
Rich fragrance may fling—
The sad notes, whose sweetness
Seems wasted on air,
A thought may awaken
Of praise or of prayer ;—
We know not,—we dream not
What deep spells are shrined
In the limitless empire
Of mind over mind.

Give gems from the casket,—
  Give flowers from the tree,—
Pour forth the heart's music,
  In notes wild and free.
List not for the echo,—
  The fragrance seek not ;—
Let the worth and the beauty
  Of thy gifts be forgot ;—
This will be remembered,—
  They freely were given ;
Give treasures to earth,—
  Seek treasures in heaven.

## THE ROBIN.

The little robin red-breast !
I hear his gushing song,
On the clear air of morning
Borne joyously along ;
And gladly breathe my welcome
To the wild music-strain
That echoes winter's parting steps,
And welcomes spring again.

Tis early in the spring-time ;—
The flowers have not yet come ;
And the soft-whispering zephyrs
Sleep in their sunny home ;—
Lightly, o'er hill and valley,
Mantle the snow-wreaths fair ;
But sunbeams rest on their bright folds,—
They will not long be there.

The little robin red-breast
Comes singing o'er the snow ;
Remembers he the homestead
He left so long ago ?
Alas for thee, sweet songster !
There's not a blossom, now,
There's not a single leaf of green
On that gray, moss-grown bough.

Yet cheer thee, light-winged warbler!
Build thy old home anew,
And wait the coming blossoms,
With faith as firm as true.
The bright hours will not linger,—
The dark hours cannot stay,—
Spring's smile beams from the blue sky now,—
Spring's voice breathes in thy lay.

Build on the moss-grown branches,
Free minstrel of the air!
Thy home will soon be nestling
'Mid flowers and foliage fair.
Recall the sad heart's spring-time,
With thy wild, artless strain;—
Most gladly, to thine own old home
I welcome thee again.

## SONNET.

A dream of former days—a wayward dream,—
Why should it haunt me now ?—Oh, oftentimes
It comes to me, as comes a sunshine gleam
Breaking through parted clouds—The heart enshrines
Oft, 'mid its treasures, memories of hours
That passed, as pass the dew-drops from the flowers,
Brightly and silently, to come no more ;—
And this was one of these,—an hour of light,
Of hope, of gladness,—but its bliss is o'er,
Past, never to return ; yet sweetly bright,
Robed in the same soft-blended hues it wore,
Floats the fair scene before my mental sight,
By memory's spell detained. The past ! the past !
Who would forget the hours that were too blest to last ?

## LOVE AND FAME.

Within a restless human heart
Two spirits were at strife,
Each seeking to hold sway, apart,
O'er the brief scene of life;
Each striving, now successfully,
And now all, all in vain,
Over a gentle mind, yet high,
To cast its own bright chain.

I listened to the words they breathed
As each, in turn, held sway;
I saw the blooming flowers that wreathed,
Round each dim-opening way;
I heard the glad, exulting tone,
And the low-whispered prayer;—
Oh, which was meet to rule, alone,
Over that empire fair?

"A name, a high, a deathless name!
Through earth's fair bowers of song
To sound, when lips that breathed the strain
First, have been silent long;—
A name, in characters of light
Traced on fame's dazzling scroll,
To fade—when death's dark, dreamless night
Shrouds the immortal soul.

"A name, to wake from peaceful sleep
The human heart at will,—
To bid its wildest pulses leap,
Its deepest caverns thrill,—
To echo, like a spirit tone,
A wild, mysterious breath,
Winning an answer all its own,—
Breathing of life—and death.

"Oh! such a name may yet be thine!
High spirit, onward press!
What though, in this dim, stranger clime,
Thy lot is loneliness?
Onward! in strength, in fearless might,—
Thou art not of the throng,—
Onward! to the far distant height
Of the famed mount of song!

"And said I that the way was lone?
Thy feet the path have tried,—
Sweet voices breathed thy lyre's low tone
Back from the green hill-side,—
Fair flowers uplifted their bright eyes
To thine with looks of love,
And seraph voices, from the skies
Breathed words of realms above.

"Onward! 'tis not for one like thee
To this dim world to cling,—
Like the proud eagle, wild and free,
Spread thy unfettered wing,—

Onward ! and win a name on earth,—
A name that cannot die !
Is this the country of thy birth ?
Soar to thy native sky !"

Such was the clear, unfaltering strain
That rose to the blue sky,
Like music on a battle-plain,
Breathing of victory ;
And when it ceased, a murmur low,
And sadly sweet, replied,
Like the soft zephyr's dreamy flow
Through flowers at eventide.

" A name, in the deep treasure-cells
Of kindred hearts enshrined,
Where richer wealth in safety dwells
Than all the wealth of mind,—
A name that loved lips often breathe,
And never but to bless,—
What deeper spell wish we to wreathe
The heart with happiness ?

" A name—not proudly traced on high,
For stranger-glances cold
To rest on,—but indelibly
Written upon the soul.
Coming like distant melody
At even faintly heard,
To those who dwelt in love with thee,—
A gentle ' household word.'

" A word to waken pleasant dreams
And memories sadly sweet,
As when, in sudden rainbow-gleams
Sunshine and raindrops meet ;
To weave full many a silken tie,
Around the heart to twine,—
To waken love that ne'er can die,—
Let such a name be thine.

" What though thy hand has waked the lyre,
Thy lip poured forth the lay ?
Know'st thou not that the spirit-fire
Consumes the shrine of clay ?
Faintness comes o'er thee, when the hour
Of inspiration strong
Is past ;—it is a fearful power
To pour out life in song.

" And art thou not, song's empire o'er,
One of the changing crowd ?
By the same ties forbid to soar,
By the same sorrows bowed ?
Does not hope mingle with thy fear,
And sadness with thy mirth ?
Joy claim a smile and grief a tear ?
Alas ! poor child of earth !

" Alas for thee ! lost in the dream
Of an undying name,
In hues of dazzling light to gleam
Forth from the scroll of fame.

Oh, rather in thy lowliness,
Affection's wreath entwine
Around thy home, and fondly bless
Each gem thou callest thine.

"The graceful vine's slight tendrils train
O'er the low cottage eaves,
And watch the singing bird, again
Building among the leaves;
Shield, from the storm-blast's fitful power
The graceful white rose tree;
And teach each bud in thy home-bower
To look in love on thee.

"Win the glad glance of heart-light sweet
From childhood's laughing eyes,
And gather round thy lone retreat
Warm human sympathies,—
Love that will wreathe around thy name
Tendrils that ne'er can part;
This, this is the true path of fame
For thee, frail human heart.'

To the sweet whisper, sad and low,
I saw that lone heart thrill;
But echoes of the proud song s flow
Lingered in music still.
O'er the sweet lay of happiness
Rose the glad hymn of pride,
And in that lone heart's still recess
The spirit whisper died.

## DEATH IN THE SPRING-TIME.

"Dying! oh no,—it cannot, cannot be,—
Sickness has shadowed o'er my pallid brow,
But my heart bounds as ever, wild and free,—
Earth never seemed so beautiful as now.
The snows have melted in the sun's warm beam,
The bird's glad song is borne on spring's soft breath,—
And I—oh! is this all a fearful dream?
Or am I sinking 'neath the hand of death?

"Dying,—while life is all around my way,
Glad, glorious life, beaming from the blue sky,
Echoing in the wildwood warbler's lay,—
Who speaks of death? This is no time to die.
Wait till the summer roses' bloom has fled,
Till the rich, gorgeous robe of autumn fades,—
Wait till stern winter comes, with noiseless tread,
Stealing, alone, through the deep forest shades.

"Then may ye speak of death—when all earth's bloom
Seems wrapped, for ever, in its icy grave,—
But oh, not now,—not while above the tomb
The green leaves of the drooping willow wave;—

Not while the early violet's eye of blue
Looks lovingly up from the grassy sod,
As if for the bright sunlight and pure dew
That nurtured it, it offered thanks to God.

"To die, in the bright spring-time, when the earth
Wakes, with a sunny smile, from her long rest,
And footsteps light as air, and tones of mirth,
And eyes lit up with joy from East and West
Greet her awakening,—who, with a proud heart,
Filled, like my own, with aspirations high,
Could bid each dream of future years depart,
And, yielding all, lie calmly down to die?

"I cannot;—Oh! 'tis agony to stand
Alone, upon the open grave's dark brink,
Circled with shadows from the spirit land,
Trembling, yet feeling it all vain to shrink
Back from the dread abyss. This fearful strife,—
This clinging to a frail and fleeting breath,—
Oh, who but loves the mystery of life,
And shudders at the mystery of death?"

Then stole a whisper through that trembling heart,
Sweet as if breathed from springs soft, smiling sky;—
"Thy father calls thee, frail one as thou art,
And sayest thou, 'I cannot, cannot die?'
Hast thou not seen thy hopes, like sere leaves, fall?
Have not thy friends passed from thee, one by one?

And wouldst thou linger here, the last of all
Alone in this dim world, far from thy home ?

" Are the glad light and melody of spring
Dearer than smiles and tones departed ?— Nay,
Lightly earth's circling fetters from thee fling ;—
Fear not the shadows of the lonely way.—
Thy Father calls,—thy friends await thee,—come !"
And peacefully the weary spirit passed ;
" They wait for me,—my Father calls me home ;"—
The words that on those pale lips lingered last.

## TO A PET KITTEN.

My little playful kitten ;
'Tis a long time, very long,
Since watching thy wild gambols,
I promised thee a song.
I've not redeemed my promise,
My merry little pet,—
But it is not forgotten,—
I will redeem it yet.

And why not now? Thy free sports
Have often served to wile
Away an hour of weariness,
And make a sad lip smile
Thy very mischief, even
Though causing toil and care,
Has freely been forgiven,
For no thought of wrong was there.

Not even when the worsted,
With many a merry bound,
Was followed in a circle,
The chair-post round and round,

Till the sword of the famed conqueror
Had scarce the knot untied,—
Not even then did the owner
Find words or will to chide.

No; nor when on the corner
Of the favorite book she saw
The marks of many a keen-edged tooth,
And many a sharpened claw;
Although the precious volume
Was carefully laid by,
Thy witchery soon brought the light
Of mirth back to her eye.

And, worst of all, when over
The smoothly-written sheet
A single tap from thy white paw
Made rills of blackness meet;
Till like the fabled river
Of Styx flowed the dark wave,
Obliterating lines her hand
All vainly strove to save.—

Even for the wilful wickedness,
As it seemed, of such a deed,
A playful reprimand was all
The punishment decreed.
Not e'en a transient exile
Removed thee from thy place,
Or forbade thy bright eyes, lovingly,
To peer into her face.

My little playful kitten !
I've written now for thee,
A record of thy mischief,
A memorial of thy glee ;
And as a slight memento
Of a pet loved well and long,
Among my pictures of the past,
I'll treasure up this song.

# FLOWERS.

Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !
Sweet is your smile in this dim world of ours,
Many a sad heart has blessed its beam,
As it shone out beside the woodland stream,
Or glanced, like a ray of rosy light,
Up from among the green leaves bright,
Or 'mid the brown moss on the hill-side lone,
Told that beauty and gladness had found a home.
Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !
Sweet is your smile in this dim world of ours.

The bright eyes of childhood grow brighter still,
As your fragile blossoms fair, young hands fill ;
The light step of youth has a quicker bound,
Where your soft eyes beam from the grassy ground ;
And manhood's brow loses thought's deep shade,
For ye bring glad memories of fount and glade,
Of sports in the leafy forest halls,
Of the murmur of tiny waterfalls,
Of the music of the bird and bee,
Of the butterfly's wing, and the squirrel's glee,—
Of all that boyhood, delighted, met,
And that manhood welcomes with pleasure yet.
Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !
Sweet is your smile in this dim world of ours.

The aged gaze on that smile's soft light
With quiet gladness ; and brief and bright,
To the pale cheek of sickness comes a glow,
Like the sunset flush on a wreath of snow,
When gentle hands to the couch of pain
Bear love's frail offering, made not in vain.
Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !
Sweet is your smile in this dim world of ours.

A blessing rest on each fragile gem
With which Nature enwreathes her diadem ;
And a blessing too, on each gentle heart,
That, casting aside the toys of art,
Turns from the path by the vain world trod,
And loves the beautiful works of God.
Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers !
Sweet is your smile in this dim world of ours.

## A SONG FOR THE DAYS OF OLD.

A song for the days of old !
The days, when the wilds gave back
The shout of the hunter speeding fast
On the flying quarry's track ;
When the moccasin left its print impressed
Deep in the yielding snow,
And the light foot that wore it vied in speed
With the arrow from the bow.

A song for the days of old !
The days when the waters blue
Parted before the graceful prow
Of the bright-hued canoe ;
When no sound awoke the slumbering wave,
Save the light dip of the oar,
Or the echo of the bird's wild lay
From the forest-circled shore.

A song for the days of old !
The days when with bead and shell
The maiden wreathed her raven hair,
In the deep forest dell ;

When the infant, in its slumbers sweet,
Was cradled in the wild,
And the mother's song, 'neath the broad old oak
Was carolled to her child.

A song for the days of old!
The days when the cabin-smoke
Curled gracefully up to the clear blue sky,
From the groves of pine and oak;
When around the gleaming council-fire
Thronged the dark warrior band,
And the calumet passed silently
Around from hand to hand.

A song for the days of old!
The days when the warrior's plume
Went down, in its glory, all undimmed,
With its wearer to the tomb;
When the chieftain's bow and arrows lay
Ready to meet his hand,
And his good steed flew to bear him on,
O'er the plains of the spirit-land.

A song for the days of old?
The days when the wild and brave,
With lofty mien and fearless soul,
Ruled o'er the land and wave;
When the stately forest tree that stood;—
On the rugged mountain's brow
Was an emblem of the red man's strength;—
Where is the red man now?

A song for the days of old!
The days when our land was free,
Ere the foot of the white man stained the soil
Sacred to liberty.
A wail for the conquests won
O'er a rude, but noble race;—
Alas! that our pleasant homes should be
Reared on their burial-place.

## THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

I love the notes of the birds;—they come
With the earliest light of the rising sun,
Borne on the morn's clear, fragrant air,
Like the song of thanksgiving after prayer.
I love their mingling voices well,
Rising from woodland hill and dell,
When the crystal dew drops brightly gleam
On the flowers beside the rippling stream,
And not e'en a fairy foot may pass
So lightly over the verdant grass,
As to leave for the gazer's eye no trace
To tell of its transient resting-place.

But there's one that comes at the quiet eve,
Ere the fairy band begin to weave
Their garlands bright for the moonlit ring,—
There's one that comes, with a shadowy wing,
With a shadowy wing, and a voice that seems
More like the music heard in dreams,
Mournful, yet sweet, than like aught beside;
And I love the lone minstrel of even tide.
Better than those whose wild music awakes
So joyously, when the morning breaks,
That lone bird's song to my heart bears a thrill;—
'Tis a simple strain,—"whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"

Why do I love it? I scarcely know;
But it sounds from the distance, soft and low;
And I pause and listen, until my eye
Is dim with tears at the melody
That floats, in its dreamy sweetness lone,
Like a spirit's sad, yet thrilling tone,
Through the dim shadows;—what can it be,
That makes that music so dear to me?
It may be the sadness that blends with the strain,
Recalling hopes tenderly cherished in vain;
Or the spell of the hour that gives to the lay
A power unknown to the songs of the day.

It may be the memory of friends who have heard
With me the lay of that lonely bird;—
It matters not why I love it;—the hour
Of the drooping leaf and upfolded flower
Has much that I love; and this is a part;—
A link of the bright chain enwreathed round my heart,—
One of the memories treasured up,
Sweet as the dew in the rose's cup,
And pure as sweet. It is well to keep
These simple treasures still and deep
Within the heart. They have a shrine
Safe in the inmost cell of mine;
And among them I love to number, still,
The artless song of the whip-poor-will.

## THE SEA.

The sea ! the deep, the boundless sea!
I love the mighty roar
Of billows bounding in their glee
To the bleak, rock-bound shore.
There's music in the measured tread
Of the dark ocean waves ;—
They march above the noble dead,
But not o'er living slaves.

Over earth's burning desert sands,
Over earth's smiling plains,
The conqueror has led his bands,
The slave has dragged his chains ;—
Gray, moss-grown ruins rise to tell
Of the destroyer's sway,
And beauty, bloom, and gladness dwell
Circled by dark decay.

But the blue deep retains no trace
Of the proud victor's tread ;—
It folds in one long, cold embrace,
The undistinguished dead.
No monument is reared above
The ever-rolling wave,
The tribute of unchanging love,
Or honor to the brave.

Man, the proud monarch of the shore
May bid his navies ride
Lightly, the slumbering billows o'er,
Rocked by the placid tide.
One moment, and the mighty deep
Rushes in fury on,
A giant wakening from his sleep,—
Where are those frail barks?—Gone.

Gone,—and the blue waves bound as free,
The sunlight smiles as fair,
As if no cry of agony,
No vainly uttered prayer
Had mingled with the ocean's moan
And the wild tempest's breath,
Telling that 'mid the dark waves form
Man sternly strove with death.

The sea! the deep, the dark blue sea!
No mortal hand may bind
Its waves, are restless and as free
As the immortal mind,
The "still, small voice" of one alone
Their onward course can stay;—
They listen to its gentlest tone,—
They listen—and obey.

Thou, who wouldst learn how frail thy hand,
How powerless thy will,

Go to the mighty ocean strand,
And bid the waves be still ;—
Then, gazing on the boundless deep,
Think how the Savior trod
The billows hushed to peaceful sleep,
And own the power of God.

## CHILDHOOD.

A blessing on the beaming eyes
And smiling lips of childhood!
They bear me back to the blue skies
And lone walks in the wildwood
That well I loved in early years,
That memory still must treasure,
With childish hopes and childish fears,
And childish pain and pleasure.

A blessing on the bounding feet,
And the clear-ringing laughter,
That oft my coming spring to meet,
Or sound my slow steps after,—
The tiny hands that clasp my own,
Or wreathe in warm caressing.
Around my neck,—sweet be the tone
That breathes on each a blessing

And most of all, on the true heart
That dreams not of deceiving,
That learns, from Nature's self the art
Of loving and believing;
That asks not wealth, or place of pride,
But, wise without reflection,
Sets every other gift aside
For that of pure affection.

Oh, darkened as this world has been,
Yet rays of light undying
Beam forth amid the shadows dim,
All, all around us lying.
The little ones whom Jesus blessed,
The simple, meek, and lowly,
Bear yet, on their fair brows impressed,
His benediction holy.

And we whom Time's swift rolling stream
Is bearing onward lightly,
May well, to the lone islet green
Where sunbeams rest so brightly,
Look back in love, though never more
Our hands may cull its blossoms,
And clasp, in parting from that shore,
Its dwellers to our bosoms.

## THE HAND OF THE LABORER.

The toil-hardened hand of the laborer
Where is not its impress seen ?
Where the orchard buds put forth in spring,
And the grain is waving green,—
Where the vines are trained o'er the cottage roof,
And the roses cluster fair
'Neath the shade of the rustic portico,—
The laborer's hand is there.

Where the lofty home of wealth and pride
Rises 'mid sylvan bowers,
Lifting far up to the blue heavens
Its ancient battle-towers,—
Where the lighter modern fabric springs
Up in its beauty rare,
On the busy city's crowded street,—
The laborer's hand is there.

Where taste creates, with magic wand
Beauty where all seemed rude,—
Where stern utility bears life
To the forest solitude,—
Where commerce spreads the snow-white sail,
Sped on by many a prayer,—
Where wealth counts o'er his shining hoards,—
The laborer's hand is there.

Where Art and gifted Genius spread
Their treasures to the eye,—
Where thought communes with the high hearts
Of ages long gone by,—
Where wisdom lights the taper dim,
Or Fancy's step of air
Glides through the gorgeous world of dreams,—
The laborer's hand is there.

Where the poet wakes the slumbering lyre,
Breathing, in one wild lay,
The thoughts, that, haply, gleam and fall,
Like the flashing ocean spray,—
Where the restless sea of life heaves dark
To the tempest-breath of care,—
Where death's silent tread has stilled its waves,—
The laborer's hand is there.

The toil-hardened hand of the laborer!
All honor to that hand!
And shame to those who shrink from its grasp,
As from guilt's deep, darkening brand;
Who, while its honest toil provides
The luxuries they share,
Forget, or remember but with scorn,
That the laborer's hand is there.

The toil-hardened hand of the loborer!
All honor to that hand!

Whether it strives with the stormy sea,
Or tills the peaceful land.
The wreath of glory, the palm of pride,
Let far-distant countries bear,—
Be this the boast of my native land,
The laborer's hand is there.

## SONNET.

A long farewell to this green, shaded isle
'Mid the world's desert waste. A calm farewell,
Yet mournful. The sweet Summer's radiant smile
Is passing from the verdant woodland dell;
And, as flowers fade, and oft-trod paths grow lone,
My heart responds to Nature's saddened tone.
A long farewell to the glad rippling brook [showers,
That danced so lightly on; 'neath Springs soft
And to the silent, lone, leaf-shadowed nook,
Where oft, my sole companions bees and flowers,
With ready pencil or well-chosen book,
I sat, forgetful of the fleeting hours.
A sad farewell to these familiar scenes;—
Oh! life is dark indeed to a young heart's vain dreams.

## SONNET.

TO MY SISTER.

And we have parted, sister, never more
'Neath the same roof, in love and trust, to dwell;
But the sweet memories of days of yore,
These will not fade. The dreaded word farewell—
Was sadly spoken; but hope's golden ray
Beams yet, unshadowed, on my lonely way;—
May it still beam on thine. Peaceful and blest
Be thy brief sojourn here, my gentle one;—
Sweet as the bird-song from the leaf-hung nest
Poured tremblingly, at the still set of sun,
Be the deep echoes wakened in thy breast
By life's glad voices; and when death shall come,
Light be the touch that looses love's bright chain,
And sweet the voice that breathes thy welcome home
[again.

## "NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE; GO, AND SIN NO MORE."

She stood before the Savior, with her hands
Folded upon her bosom, and her eyes
Veiled by the down cast lids whose lashes swept
A cheek from which the hue of life had fled,
Waiting to hear her doom. A fearful thing
It is for one in the first bloom of youth
To stand, as stood that erring one, and wait
The breathing of the single simple word,
Whose utterance must seal her fate. And yet
She stood there calmly, though a watchful eye
Might have seen tokens, on the pallid brow
And compressed lip, of the deep agony,
Controlled, but not less keenly felt.
One moment
Of solemn silence, seeming, in its flight,
A long, long age of dread, and the first words
Of the calm voice of Him whom they had made
Her judge, rose on the stillness, wakening hope,
For they were filled with pity. A faint flush
Stole o'er her cheek, as tremblingly she breathed
A low response ; but her eyes were not raised,
To meet the gaze that rested on her. But,
When the calm words of pardon met her ear,
With a brief half-bewildered gaze she scanned

His placid features, as if seeking there
To read the confirmation of his words,
And not in vain. Quickly, o'er cheek and brow
The warm tide rushed, and fled as quick, and
Her pale lips quivered with unuttered words
Of gratitude, as silently she knelt,
And lifted her clasped hands and earnest eyes,
Moistened with tears. Deep fervent gratitude,
And humble penitence, and silent prayer,
Were blended in that look. A moment more,
And closely gathering the graceful folds
Of her light veil around her form, she rose
And glided from his presence.

Would the world
But listen to the words of Him whose lips
Pronounced a blessing on the merciful,
And seek, in pitying love, to lead again
The wildered wanderers from the downward way,
How many of the hearts now flinging back
Hatred for hatred, scorn for bitter scorn,
Might give back love for love, warm gratitude
For pity and deep genuine penitence
For free forgiveness.

Gentle hands may raise
The drooping flower, and train the shattered vine
To clasp its tendrils round their wonted prop,
Whence the rude storm-blast sent them; and kind
words

May heal the wounded heart, and bear new strength
To the faint, failing spirit. Kindly, then,
Look on the erring. Thou hast never known
The trials that have maddened them. The snares
Spread for their feet, have never circled thee.
Thou may'st not read the many burning thoughts
Seared on the tablet of their heart, or know
How many times that heart has vainly yearned
For sympathy and pity, or how oft
The wish to tread again the narrow path
Has been repelled and changed to bitterness
By the cold words or scornful glance of those
Who, calling Christ their master, turn away
From guilt as if its very breath might stain
Their self-made robes of righteousness.
A word,
A look may bear a blight into the soul
That sin has shadowed, making deeper still
Its depths of untold wretchedness. A word,
A look may fall like dew on the parched earth,
Awakening it to life and gladness. Who
Would blight instead of healing? Who shall dare
Refuse the mercy all must seek, ere long,
As their sole refuge from impending wrath?

## THE FOREST FLOWER.

I sought a little flower,
That oft, in by-gone years, had gladdened me,
From the deep shadows of its woodland bower
Looking up lovingly.

I sought it where the shade
Of the old oaks, darkly, in silence fell,
And where the sunlight on the green turf played,
In the lone, mossy dell.

I sought it, but in vain ;—
Fair flowers were there, bending to the soft breeze,
And green leaves, murmuring a low plaintive strain,
'Neath the old forest trees.

But the one fairy gem
That oft had wakened sweetly pensive thought,
With its star-blossom, and slight, graceful stem,
Mid them in vain I sought.

That flower, had bloomed, alone,
In the calm shelter of its native dell ;
And faded silently, with no sweet tone
Of welcome or farewell.

Its perfume had been shed
Freely at morn, through the dim woodland wide,
Eve came ;—meekly it bowed its graceful head
To the still earth, and died.

Thus many a gentle one,
Far from the thronged paths trodden by the crowd,
In the seclusion of a quiet home,
'Neath death's cold hand has bowed.

Leaving no vacant place
Amid the busy and the bustling throng ;
But in a few fond hearts a deep, deep trace,
Hidden but guarded long

And oh ! are they not blest,
Who, sheltered here in the warm heart of love,
For the first time that peaceful place of rest
Leave for a home above.

## FORGIVENESS.

And canst thou not forgive him ?
He has done thee cruel wrong ;
But the sway of Christian love
In thy bosom should be strong,—
Stronger than the power of evil,
With which thou long hast striven,
Then cast each shade of anger by ;—
Forgive, and be forgiven.

And canst thou not forgive him?
Thou, who from the narrow way,
In thy heedlessness or pride,
Has so often gone astray !
Thou prayest for forgiveness ;—
Be the dark fetter riven,
And, kneeling at the Savior's feet,
Forgive, and be forgiven.

## THE SUNLIGHT.

Welcome ye the sunlight!
Pleasant is its smile,
Resting on the turrets
Of the Gothic pile;
Kindly is its greeting,
As it brightly peeps
Through the cottage window,
Where the woodbine creeps.

Welcome ye the sunlight!
Pensively its ray
Lingers, at the even,
Round the ruin gray;—
On the mountain summit
Last its footsteps stray,
As if brightly wending
Thence to heaven their way.

Welcome ye the sunlight!
On life's pathway shed,—
Gentle voices' music—
Well-known footsteps' tread,—
Loved lips' earnest greeting;—
Loved eyes' changeless light,—
All that makes the dwelling
Of the spirit bright.

Welcome ye the sunlight!
Let its golden ray
Beam on all who journey
With thee on thy way;
And with softened radiance
Let its light be thrown
On the sad and weary,
On the low and lone.

Welcome ye the sunlight!
Beaming from the heart;—
Bid earth's gathering shadows
From that shrine depart;
Or, if they must linger
Yet a little while,
Be their dark folds brightened
By a sunny smile.

## STANZAS.

Mother, with thy warm lips pressing
Thy fair infant's dimpled cheek,
Winning smiles, by soft caressing,
From lips yet untaught to speak,—
Lone may be thy home, and lowly,
Small of earthly wealth thy share;
But a precious trust, and holy,
Is committed to thy care.

Guard it well, oh, gentle mother,
Looking still, with steadfast eye,
From this dim world to another,
Where no darkening shadows lie,
Thou mayest rear that fragile blossom,
In celestial bowers to dwell;
Clasp the treasure to thy bosom,—
Gentle mother, guard it well.

## THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

Freely the Moorish banners waved
O'er the wide battle-plain,—
Darkly the Moorish host closed round
A castle-tower in Spain;—
A lofty tower, that proudly flung
Its stern defiance out,
In answer to the summons loud
Of their wild battle shout.

Moving on those beleagured walls,
Dark, warrior forms were seen,
With waving plumes, and gleaming mail,
And free, and fearless mien.
High, manly hearts had gathered there
To meet the rising swell
Of the wild tide of war, and hurl
Death on the infidel

And 'mid that martial throng there moved
One whose fair, youthful face
Had seemed more meet the vine-wreathed bower,
Or festive hall to grace.
The light of the warm sun of Spain
Shed not its radiance o'er
A flower more sweetly beautiful
Than the young Isadore.

But the high spirit of her sire
Beamed from her dark eye now,
And dwelt, enthroned in majesty,
On her calm, lofty brow.
Firm was her stately step, and stern
Her bright lip's haughty curl,
And mail-clad men bent low before
The gentle, timid girl.

From the high walls a trumpet's voice
Bade the dark foe advance ;—
"The Spanish sword is not yet sheathed,
Nor lost the Spanish lance.
Our flag is waving proudly yet,
And they may learn, ere long,
Who deem a woman's hand so weak,
That her high soul is strong."

The Moorish chieftain's swarthy brow
With sudden shame was dyed ;—
"And rules a gentle lady here ?"
In wonder he replied.
"The hunter's feathered shaft may pierce
The soaring eagle's breast ;
But lightly treads he where green leaves
Droop o'er the dove's low nest."

Freely the Moorish banners waved
O'er the wide battle plain,—

Darkly the Moorish host retired
From that strong tower again ;—
Not moved by fear, but keeping well
Their oath of fealty,
In the true spirit of their age,—
The age of Chivalry.

## THE SLAVE'S REVERY.

He stood where the broad river gave
  Its tribute to the sea,
And watched the glow each sunbright wave
  Threw back, as ceaselessly
The stream swept on ; till thus, at last,
  The thoughts that filled his breast,
As the swift current glided past,
  His lips in words expressed.

"Flow on, proud river! I have seen
  On many a former day,
As now, thy glancing waters gleam
  In the bright sun's glad ray;
And as I marked the golden glow
  That lit each crested wave,
My sorrowing heart has murmured low—
  'Thou 'rt free,—I am a slave.'

"I've watched the white sails on thy breast,
  And longed with them to fly
To some far land of peace and rest,—
  Some home of liberty.
'On! on! brave barques!' my soul has said;
  'Your bows the surges lave;
Your wings for their free flight are spread;
  And I—I am a slave.'

"Where the dark cliffs their shadow throw
O'er the calm waters bright,
I've marked the sea-bird, circling low,
In his unwearied flight.
Fearless alike, when sunbeams shine,
Or storm-winds wildly rave;—
'Thy lot,' I've said 'is not like mine;
Thou 'rt free—I am a slave.'

"I've gazed upon each silvery star
That decks Night's shadowed brow;—
There's one that beckons from afar,—
It beams upon me now.
And I will follow where it leads;
Liberty, or the grave
Is mine;—God bless the friend who speeds
Onward the flying slave.

"On! on! to the far North! and on
O'er the wild, stormy sea;—
The land of freedom is no home
For those who would be free.
On! to some swift sail, speeding o'er
The restless ocean wave;
And on! still on! till England's shore
Receives the trembling slave."

That slave has passed the waters o'er,
Passed from our free, fair land;

And found, on Britain's sea-girt shore,
Welcoming heart and hand.
Aye, found, 'neath a proud monarch's reign,
Permission to be free;
To live, and toil, and pray, oh shame,
America, to thee!

Aye, shame upon thee! The free tide,
The chainless winds of heaven,
O'er which thy ocean-Bethels glide,
By which thy fleets are driven;
In their unceasing, earnest flow,—
In their [illegible]ght and free,—
Shout in their strength, or murmur low
And sadly, shame on thee!

My country! lave this one dark stain
From thy calm, lofty brow;
And 'mid earth's proudest empires claim
Meet place for such as thou.
Let not the fair "land of the free"
The calm "home of the brave"
Be named, in lands beyond the sea
"The country of the slave."

## SONNET.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

My mother ! While the pale and wasted hand
Of sickness rests upon my burning brow,
I miss thy gentle presence. Who will stand
Beside my couch of weary suffering now,
Reading each wish ere spoken ?—Who will press,
With the warm kiss of anxious tenderness,
My fevered cheek ?—Whose voice, in whispers low,
Will breathe of hope and comfort ?—Yet, for thee,
My sorrow blends with joy,—Earth's wasting wo,—
Life's hours of deep, unfathomed agony,—
These are not with thee.—When my tears will flow,
This thought shall waken gladness.—Thou art free.
Nor even for the joy of thy deep love
Would I recall thee from thy home above.

## SONNET.

### RECOVERY.

Nerve thyself for the conflict once again,
Poor, trembling heart! The strife is not yet o'er ;—
Triumphant over weakness, care, and pain,
Arise, and try life's rugged path once more.
Pause not, for time is precious.—Ask not rest,—
Dream not of that fair island of the blest
While the wild waves roar round thee.—On ! still on !
Are the clouds dark above thee ? It is well,
There's joy in the wild tempest.—Tipped with foam,
See the proud billows, in their fitful swell,
Bright with the lightning's play. The thunder's tone
Sends the deep music of its solemn knell
O'er the dark sea. Shrink'st thou from the wild strife?
Nay; for the soul has strength to brave the storms of life.

## THE LIFE OF DREAMS.

They come to me in peaceful dreams,
  Those whom I loved of yore,
Those who walk with me, hand in hand,
  In life's thronged path no more.
When o'er me, Sleep, with gentle hand
  Her shadowy veil has spread,
They bend above my lowly couch,
  The loved—the early dead.

The tones of voices long since hushed
  Amid the haunts of men,
With all their dear old melodies,
  Come to my spirit then:
The light of eyes long closed in death
  Upon me brightly beams;—
Oh! precious are the mysteries of
  The spirit life of dreams.

The long-departed and the dear!
  My gentle mother's face
Smiles sweetly on me as of old,
  From its accustomed place;
And bounding footsteps' lightsome fall,
  And warm hands' pressure true,
And tones of love recall again
  The sunny past to view.

Calm Memory, with her mild, sad glance,
To pensive thought allied,
With light from heaven on her fair brow,
Stands ever at my side;
And Fancy comes, with smiling hope,
An ever welcome guest;—
An angel-band surrounds me still,
At the hushed hour of rest.

Sweet are the visions that they bring;—
What though I wake from sleep,
Bright with such pure, unshadowed bliss,
In loneliness to weep?
For all the wealth that in the depths
Of ocean's caverns gleams,
I would not yield my wanderings in
The fairy land of dreams.

They speak the soaring spirit free
From its frail earthly shrine,—
They witness that its heritage
Is of a holier clime;—
And sometimes, tones from that far land
Come in our dreaming hours,—
The music of its golden lyres,
The fragrance of its flowers.

And more than this;—they give new strength
To the fond hope that we

Are still remembered by the dead,
  Remembered lovingly.
This, this it is that makes the gift
  Precious to one who deems
Spirits may hold communion sweet,
  In peaceful, happy dreams.

## STANZAS.

Christian, trust thou in God,
And life's dark hours illumed with light shall be ;—
The path the lowly Savior meekly trod,
Is it too rugged or too lone for thee ?

The dark sea's swelling tide
May roll between thee and the promised land ;—
Believe, and lo ! the placid waves divide,—
Pass on, in safety, to the wished-for strand.

Is suffering thy lot ?
Bow 'neath thy Father's chastening hand, and bless
The kind, parental care that left thee not
To wander far, in thoughtless waywardness.

Have friends, the near and dear,
From thy warm heart by death's cold hand, been riven ?
Look up, in joy ;—thy treasures are not here ;—[heaven.
Give thanks to God that thou hast friends in

Shadows may throng thy way ;
But banish from thy heart the phantom, Fear,
And the glad dawning of a brighter day,
A day of sunshine and sweet hope, is near.

The traveller, homeward bound,
Sees the steep mountain rising, dark and wild,
With circling wreaths of forest foliage crowned,
With winter's brightly-gleaming snows up-piled.

But sinks he, worn and spent,
Despairing the far summit to attain?
No!—lightly bounds he up the steep ascent,—
Soon will he rest 'neath home's dear roof again.

Like him press onward. He
Who gives the dew and sunshine to the flowers,
In wisdom and in love, alike to thee
Sends joy and grief,—life's sunshine and life's [showers.

The one, thy heart to cheer,—
The other, from earth's stains to purify,—
This, to lend light to thy brief sojourn here,—
That, to prepare thee for a home on high.

Bless thou his name for all;
Trust in his boundless love, his ceaseless care,
Nor fear in the rough path to faint and fall,
While from thy heart faith breaths the fervent [prayer.

Christian, trust thou in God,
And life's dark hours illumed with light shall be;—
The path the lowly Savior meekly trod,
Is it too rugged or too lone for thee?

## SONNET.

Buds of the early Spring-time! welcome guests
Are ye in my dim chamber. The fresh dew
Of morn no longer on your petals rests,
But beauty blushes in their rosy hue,
And love breathes in their fragrance. Timidly
Ye nestled, in your stainless purity,
'Neath the sere leaves and woodland moss-tufts green,
As fearing e'en the gazer's eye to meet;
And strangers might pass heedless by, nor dream
Of beauty hidden in that lone retreat.
I might not pass you thus; for as a gleam
Of rainbow light, awakening memories sweet
Of early years, ye come. My childhood's hours [flowers.
Return when round me wreathe Spring's earliest, fairest

## THE HOUR OF LONELINESS.

I've watched the sunset glow
Fade from the clouded West,—
The flowers are bending low,
The bird is in his nest ;—
The evening breeze sweeps by,
With low and plaintive moan,
Answering my spirit's sigh,—
I am alone—alone.

Alone ! and where are those
Whose smile made earth so fair ?
Not where the summer rose
Breathes fragrance on the air,—
Not where the drooping bough
Its early fruit has strewn,—
Earth has no sunlight now,—
I am alone—alone.

I strive to cast aside
The dreams of early years,—
My lyre breathes strains of pride,
While my eyes fill with tears,
A mournful echo, still,
Succeeds joy's triumph tone,
My heart's hushed chords to thrill ;—
I am alone—alone.

I mingle with the crowd,
  One of the smiling throng,—
I hear the laughter loud,
  And the glad voice of song ;—
Sweet voices on me call,
  And warm hands press my own ;—
But shadows round me fall ;—
  I am alone—alone.

And yet, at times, it seems
  As if a purer ray
Than earth's brief sunshine gleams,
  Were resting on my way,—
As if a holy star
  Its stainless light had thrown
Around me from afar ;—
  Then, I am not alone.

And when my weary eyes
  Are closed in peaceful sleep,
With smiles before me rise
  The friends for whom I weep,
Then, not a vacant place
  Beside the hearth is known,—
Joy beams from every face,—
  I wake—but not alone.

For memory treasures up
  The bliss those brief hours knew,

As, in its leaf-made cup,
The flowret hoards the dew ;
And when, by care or pain
Earth's shades are round me thrown,
I turn to them again,
And am no more alone.

## STANZAS.

With half-oped petals bright
Peeped from the sere leaves rustling round my way
A tiny bud, to greet the welcome light
Of a glad morn in May.

I blesssd its sunny smile ;
And, though my heart was filled with weary care,
I could but pause, to look a little while,
Upon a thing so fair.

Then on my way I passed,
And to my heart the shadow came again,
Of youth's gay dreams, too beautiful to last,
And sweet hopes, nursed in vain.

Pictures of by-gone years,
With memory's softening light on every hue,
Before me passed, till the fast-falling tears
Concealed them from my view.

But suddenly there stirred,
Rustling, a leafy bough above my head,
As the free wing of a brown woodland bird
On the light breeze was spread.

And a clear, joyous lay,
A song that breathed the very soul of Spring,
Made me forget the shadows of life's way,
And long with him to sing.

And in my heart I blessed
The strain, that, in its wild, unbounded mirth,
Spake of a spirit far too light to rest
Amid the shades of earth.

Once more those darkening shades
Encompassed me, and pensively I stood,
Gazing far down the dim and misty glades
Of the lone, leafy wood.

The breeze swept by, and lo!
On the green moss beside the woodland spring,
A sunbeam rested, with a golden glow,
A moment's light to fling,

On the blue violet's cup,
Sparkling with eve's sweet gift of balmy dew,
And with my drooping spirit lifted up
To hope and trust anew.

I turned from the still scene,
The path of duty fearlessly to tread,
Rejoicing, that earth's clouds of care between
Bright rays from heaven were shed.

That sunbeam, bird, and flower
Were gifted with a holy ministry,
Reminding us of the unbounded power
That rules infinity.

Nor of the power alone,
But the deep love that 'mid all lovely things
Has taught the restless soul to seek a home,
Folding its weary wings.

After brief rest to rise,
And lightly from its pinions shake the dust,
Soaring, with strength renewed, towards the fair skies,
In hope and fearless trust.

## STANZAS.

Link after link, 'neath death's cold hand,
Falls from love's sparkling chain ;—
Who shall unite, in one bright band
Its scattered gems again ?
Strangers may fill the vacant place,
By loved ones filled of yore ;
But oh ! how many a sunlit face
Smiles on our path no more.

The father's tone—the mother's eye,—
The brother's bounding tread,—
The sister's smile—the babe's glad cry,—
Are all our treasures fled ?
Not all ; yet oft the aching heart
Turns from earth's light and bloom,
And longs to dwell, awhile, apart,
Beside the shadowed tomb.

The shadowed tomb ! Those who have laid
A loved one calmly there,
Have learned how deep its fearful shade,
How much the heart can bear :
The anguish of the parting hour,—
The gloom o'er nature thrown,—
Love's utter weakness, and love's power,
They know, and they alone.

Love's utter weakness, when, in vain,
Around the spirit's wing,
It strives earth's almost severed chain
In fragile wreaths to fling ;—
Love's boundless power, when to the tomb
The hallowed dust is given,
And dimmed eyes, through the gathering gloom
Discern the light of heaven.

The light of heaven ! Without its ray,
What were our sojourn here ?
A journey through a wildering way,
Circled with forms of fear.
Thanks be to God for the sweet hope
That the eyes closed in love,
With purer, dearer light shall ope
To beam on us above.

## THE DEAD.

Fold the hands o'er the still breast ;
Close the weary eyes ;—
Weep not ; for the loved and blest
Now, a gladly-welcomed guest,
Dwells in Paradise.

Softly part the silken hair
O'er the placid brow ;—
Grief has darkly rested there,
Earnest thought and wasting care ;—
Peace abides there now.

Gently pillow the dear head
For its last long sleep ;—
Said I, weep not ? O'er the dead
Love's last tribute should be shed ;—
Freely, freely weep.

Aye, give tears, warm gushing tears
From the heart's full urn,
For the scenes of long-gone years,
Joys, and griefs, and hopes, and fears,
Never to return.

One who in your griefs, of yore,
Ever bore a part,

Lies with pale brow shadowed o'er,
Lips that breathe love's tones no more,
And untroubled heart.

For the light of the veiled eye,
For the pleasant voice,
For the hushed lip's smile and sigh,
For the warm heart, beating high,
Weep—and yet—rejoice.

For the spirit, fearless, free,
From earth's snares has fled ;
And the clouds that circle thee
Never more a veil shall be
Round the blessed dead.

## BEAUTY, TALENT, AND VIRTUE.

The beautiful! The beautiful!
Blessings upon the head
Of those round whom the halo
Of beauty's smile is shed.
The light from bright eyes glancing,
The stainless brow of snow,—
The laughing lip of coral,
The cheek of rosy glow.—

The form of airy lightness,
The step of queenly grace,—
The smile, that, like the sunshine,
Lights up the joyous face,—
The tones that like glad music
Upon the hushed heart fall,—
Who has not felt their magic?
Who does not love them all?

The talented! The talented!
Those who e'en by a word,
The slumbering stream of passion
In the human heart have stirred;
Bidding the foaming torrent
Rush headlong on its course,
And by a word recalling
Its waters to their source.

Winning the glance of gladness,
Stirring the fount of tears,—
The heart with high hopes thrilling
Or crushing it with fears.
Oh ! many a fragrant blossom,
And many a precious gem
O'er earth's wide wastes they scatter ;—
A blessing rest on them.

Fair be the blooming garland
Enwreathing beauty's brow.
And low, before the gifted,
Let mind in homage bow ;—
Bright be the fadeless halo
Around their presence thrown ;—
But shall we call down blessings
On them, and them alone ?

Full oft, where coldly glances
The stranger's careless eye,
A more enduring beauty
Hid in the heart may lie ;
And where the keen observer
The mind with scorn might scan,
The smile of heaven resteth ;—
God seeth not as man.

To talent and to beauty
Be all due honor paid ;

But the pure wreath of virtue
Blooms when their garlands fade ;
And beautiful and gifted
Alike have blushing stood,
Within the humble presence
Of the plain, simple good.

## AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

Autumn is here once more. The faded leaves
That waved so lightly o'er our paths ere while,
Have felt the touch of the magicians wand,
And wear the hues that please him. The strong oak
Is robed in crimson ; and the pliant birch
Wears gracefully its golden drapery.
The maple, ash, and walnut, all are changed,
There's scarce a shrub that has escaped the sway
Of the stern frost-king's sceptre ; though, e'en yet,
Amid the orange, russet, and deep red,
Linger a few green shoots, waiting their turn
To change, and droop, and wither. It is sad
To watch the noiseless footsteps of decay,
And see the lovely and the beautiful
Sinking beneath his blighting hand, e'en though
He comes, as now, arrayed in regal pomp,
And crowned and mantled gorgeously.
Alas !
For the fair flowers ! Their graceful heads are laid
Low on the silent earth ; and the light wing
Of the gay insect hovering o'er their bloom,
And sipping nectar from their bright-hued cups,—

Where finds it shelter now ? The bird-song sweet
Breathes not, at morning, from the orchard bough
Its welcome to the sunlight, nor, at eve
Gives kindly farewell to the parting day.
Light pinions have been spread for distant flight,
To welcome bright spring in a fairer clime.
They cannot bide wild winter's stormy blast ;
But we shall greet them gladly, when his reign
Is o'er ; nor love them less that they have been
But summer friends, sharing the sunshine with us,
And leaving us their portion of the storm.

The blue jay, with his shining plumage, comes
To the brown cornfield, proffering his aid
In harvesting the ripened grain. His scream
Sounds in the distance, and the crow's hoarse note
From the far woodland, tells of hours of gloom
Swiftly approaching. With quick motion, now,
The nimble squirrel climbs the chestnut tree ;
And, provident, lays in his ample store
Of food for coming winter. Burrows deep
In the dry earth the velvet-coated mole,
His small eyes guarded by their cushioned lid,
Building his subterranean winter-house,
Where he may dwell, untroubled by the snows.
The hard hand of the honest husbandman
Has gathered the rich fruits, Pomona's gift,
Received with grateful joy ; and the smooth ears
Of the ripe maize will soon, unwillingly

Put off their russet wrapper, and be stored
In shining heaps, in the full garner.
Thoughts,
Pleasant, yet mournful, with the quiet hours
Of the still Autumn-time come ever. Some
Of those who smiled, with us, on the Spring-flowers,
Share not our wanderings in the well-known ways
Where sere leaves rustle, now, beneath our tread.
The restless tide of life has borne them on,
Far from us.—Will its swift ebb bear them back
Unchanged? Or will they come with cheek and brow
Wearing the heart's glad Spring-bloom when we parted,
Dim with pale Autumn's shadows?
Many, too,
Of those whose hearts beat lightly as our own,
Have calmly laid them down in the deep sleep
That knows no earthly wakening. The sweet smile
Of sinless infancy,—the joyous shout
Of laughter-loving childhood,—the light step
And beaming eye of youth,—the lofty mein
Of fearless manhood,—the white locks of age,—
The tomb has welcomed all.—And yet we gaze
Upon the beauty of the changing leaf,
Unmindful of the thought that it may fall,
Withered and sere, to rustle o'er our grave.

## MY COTTAGE HOME.

A quiet dwelling, circled round
By dark old forest trees,
From whose dim shade there comes a sound
Like the far moan of seas,—
Like the far moan of seas, when white
Are the wild waves with foam,—
Such is the melody by night
Heard round my cottage home.

That home is lowly, but the flowers
Bloom brightly 'neath the eaves;
And beautiful, in Spring's sweet hours,
Are the unfolding leaves.
All fearlessly the woodbird sings,
Beside the threshold lone;
And joyously bright insect wings
Flit round my cottage home.

Sunshine and shadow are at play
'Neath the green orchard trees,
Where lightly, on its wandering way,
Flies the unfettered breeze;
And lights and shadows o'er my heart
As changefully are thrown,
For glad smiles beam, and warm tears start
For thee, my cottage home.

Smiles, for the sheltering love that still
O'er life's wild way is spread,—
Tears, for the tones my heart that thrill,
The accents of the dead.
Sweet memories enwreathe thee round
Of hours for ever flown ;—
By many ties my heart is bound
To thee, my cottage home.

## THE ORPHAN'S GOD.

"How can I leave my child?" the mother said;
And tenderly the smiling babe she drew
To her full heart, while her fast-falling tears
Glittered, like diamonds, on its silken hair.

There stole o'er her hushed soul a voice from heaven,
"Leave it with me;" and silently she pressed
The last fond kiss upon its stainless brow,
And passed from earth, leaving her child with God.

Years came and went, and the fair infant grew
In grace and beauty, like a flexile shoot,
Upspringing when the parent tree lay low.
Led by an unseen hand, he trod life's path,
Secure, though dangers frowned above, and snares
Lay thickly spread below.—Childhood passed by,—
Glad, joyous childhood, sheltered o'er by love,
And bright with clear heart-sunshine; and when o'er
The open brow of youth first stole the shade
Of manhood's earnest thought, with a strong heart
From home and friends he parted, to proclaim
The tidings of the Gospel unto those
Who sat in moral darkness. For long years
He toiled among them; and his labors ceased
Only when from his Lord and Master came
The summons from his toil to his reward.

Mother, whose fond heart trembles at the thought
That death may snatch thee from thy treasured ones,
And leave them, unprotected, to the storms
Of a cold, wintry world, when e'er thy soul
The cloud of gloom broods heavily, lift up
Thy heart to heaven in prayer. Doubt not that He
Who sees, with pitying eye, the sparrow fall,
Will read the anguish written on thy brow,
And hear thy feeble cry. The gems He gave,—
Canst thou not trust them to his hand to keep?
The tender buds He planted,—fearest thou
He will forget to watch their growth? Fear not,
He leads his flock in the green pastures, by
The untroubled waters, and He bears the lambs
Tenderly, in his bosom.

Never, yet,
Was a babe by a dying parent's heart
Committed to the care of God, that failed
To find a home in heaven. Mother, pray.

## WINTER.

Old winter is here at last;
There is no mistake about it;—
Just list to the stormy blast,
And tell me if you can doubt it,
Just hear how the wild wind swells,
And see the light snow-flakes flying;—
Goodbye, goodbye to the lily bells,
And the zephyr's dreamy sighing.

And a welcome, wild and free,
To the stormy winter season,—
To the social circle's glee,
And the sage's "feast of reason,"—
To the fast-descending snow,
And the sleigh-bells' merry ringing,—
To the storm-king's work of wrath and wo,
And the tiny sparrow's singing.

A welcome to the chill blast,
On its wild wings onward rushing,—
To the power that bindeth fast
The blue streamlet's waters gushing,—
To the golden sunset glow,
And the clear stars' cloudless shining,—
To the moonlight on the stainless snow,
And the fairy frost-wreath's twining.

A welcome to the bright spars
From the moss-grown roof depending,
Where no shade their beauty mars,
Till their sudden, swift descending,—
To the frail twig's crystal shrine,
With a rainbow radiance beaming,
Like the light of the thousand stars that shine
O'er the poet's hours of dreaming.

A welcome to the quick light
From the eyes of childhood glancing ;
For the ground with snow is white,
And young hearts with joy are dancing.
To the swift coast down the hill,
And the smooth skate o'er the river,
And the snow-forts reared beside the rill,
Where the leafless branches quiver.

A welcome to the fire-side,
To the simple, earnest greeting,—
To the friends, the true and tried,
Once again in gladness meeting.
We fear not change or heart-chill,
Though the storm-sprites moan around us,
While our spirit's deepest echoes thrill
To the early ties that bound us.

The memories of past hours
Will surround us with their beauty,

And fresh-blooming, fragrant flowers
Will spring in the path of duty.
We will store the gems of thought,—
We will try the strength of reason;
And the Spring shall beam with sunshine, brought
From the stormy winter season.

## THE POOR MAN'S CHILD.

THERE is sunlight on thy rosy face,
And thy dark eyes beam with joy;
For earth's weary cares have left no trace
On thy loving heart, fair boy.
What knowest thou of the toil for bread?
Of want's constant, eager call?
Thou art freely sheltered, clothed, and fed,
And with love thou payest all.

Dark shadows are all around thy way,
But they rest not yet on thee;
There is nought to check thy joyous play,
At thy gentle mother's knee.
There is nought to chain thy bounding feet
From the grey old woodland wide,
Where the wintergreen's pale blossoms sweet,
And the meek blue violets hide.

Thou knowest well, where their first buds peer
Forth from out the wasting snow,—
Where the tiny brook's bright waters clear
Make sweet music, as they flow,—
Where the dark boughs spread their deepest shade
On the verdant turf beneath,
And where Flora's snowy fingers braid
Their most luxuriant wreath.

Thou knowest well where the robin weaves,
On the blooming orchard tree,
His light nest amid the budding leaves,
And where hives the woodland bee ;—
Thou hast seen the squirrel's low-roofed cot,
Where the rich brown nuts were piled,—
A snug little dwelling, was it not,
For the merry forest-child ?

The clear sunlight on thy path has beamed
The slow-waving branches through,
Where the dew-drops on the moss-tufts glean
Like rich gems of rainbow hue ;
And a dearer light thy way above
In thy humble home is shed,
Where the soft eye of maternal love
Watches o'er thy golden head.

Why picture the coming years to thee,
With their sorrow and their strife ?
Thy smile is bright, and thy step bounds free,—
Will it not be thus through life ?
Thou hast not dreamed of the weary hours
That must darken heart and brow ;—
Why steal the bloom from the fairy flowers
That cluster around thee now ?

We will not. Let childhood's morn be bright
With hope's fleeting rainbow still ;—

It shall not be ours to dim its light
With the clouds of future ill.
Be thou content with thy humble lot ;
Keep thy spirit undefiled ;
And heaven, e'en from the lowly cot,
May receive the poor man's child.

## THE SNOW-BIRD.

The merry little snow-bird!
You have surely heard his name;
But I'll tell you of the one I mean,
And we'll see if 'tis the same.
I know not where his home is
When the vernal grass grows green,
Or when the leaves, in summer
Spread wide their welcome screen.

I see him not in Autumn,
When they gather in the grain;
When bright-winged Summer songsters
Take their far flight o'er the main;
But when by the first snow-flake
The chill Winter air is stirred,
I hear a note of gladness,
The wild carol of a bird.

His tiny form is graceful,
And his wing is light and free;—
He dances 'mid the snow-flakes,
Welcoming the storm with glee.
I've seen him, with a quick hop,
From the bending twig come down,
And shake the snow, with a merry chirp,
From his quaker coat of brown.

The pressure of his small feet
On the snow scarce leaves a trace ;
And 'twould puzzle any one to tell
Where was last his resting place.
Here, and there, and all about,
Are those tiny foot-marks found,
In the path, and on the drift,
And the cottage-door around.

The merry little snow-bird!
Welcome is his artless song,
When the days are cold and stormy,
And the hours seem dull and long.
The Spring has sweeter voices,
And the Summer songs more gay ;
But there is deeper meaning
In the Winter warbler's lay.

It tells us of the courage
That fails not when life's dim path
Is shadowed o'er by storm-clouds,
Frowning with the tempest's wrath ;
It tells us of the calm faith,
That uplifts a trusting eye
To the bright arch of Promise,
Smiling from the darkened sky.

It tells us of the glad hope
That goes sweetly singing on,

Through pathways lone and rugged,
Thinking ever of its home.
Sweet are the many voices
In the Spring and Summer heard,
But they are not like the carol
Of the tiny Winter-bird.

## PRAYER FOR THE DYING ONE.

Prayer for the dying one!
O'er that pale brow
Hovers the death-angel's
Dark pinion now.
Feebly the white lips part,
Gasping for breath,—
Shadows the dim eyes veil,—
Shadows of death.

Prayer for the dying one!
Vainly around
Gather light footsteps fast,
Loved voices sound.
Falling tears from that breast
Call not a sigh,—
Lips to that cold cheek pressed
Win no reply.

Prayer for the dying one!
Silent and fast,
Deeper and deeper still
Death's shades are cast.
Voice from the lip is gone,—
Light from the eye,—
Love from the heart fled last,—
That could not die.

Prayer for the dying one !
To a far home,
Through the dark, silent vale,
Passing alone.
Breasting, in trembling fear,
Now the deep wave,—
Sinking, with fainting heart,
To the cold grave.

Prayer for the dying one !
Death's seal is set
On that calm forehead pale ;
Linger's life yet ?
Nay,—from the lowly couch
Move with hushed tread ;—
Prayer for the dying one,—
Peace with the dead.

## THE DYING POET.

The last lay, by a dying poet's hand
Called from a lyre too well beloved. It breathed
A mournful sweetness. The pale hand that woke
The chords was soon at rest. This was the strain.

Slowly but surely dying. Day by day
I see the silent shadow stealing on;
I feel more feebly life's warm pulses play;—
My weary pilgrimage will soon be done.
Father in heaven! now, while from me flee
Earth's fading hopes,—oh! let me trust in Thee.
Aid me to cast aside these yearnings vain
For a high place, a name renowned in song;—
Quench in my heart this burning thirst for fame,—
Roll back the tide of wild ambition, strong,
And deep, and restless ever. For a name,
An honored name on earth, my soul too long,
Too earnestly has striven. Power and pride,—
They are not for the heart by sorrow sanctified.

Father, I bless thee, that earth's close-bound ties
So early from that heart were severed. Oh!
I could not die with a fond mother's eyes
Gazing, through tears, upon me.—Now, I go

To meet her smile of welcome in a land
Where death comes not, from the dear household band
To lead the best beloved. Father, alone,
Let me not tread the shadowed vale. Around
My trembling spirit be thy presence thrown,
In mercy and in love. Be the sweet sound
Of thy rich promises, by some loved tone
Breathed to my heart. Thy love my life has crowned
With many blessings. Let its last hour be [Thee.
Filled with the peace of heaven, and spent in praising

Not vainly was that fervent prayer upbreathed
From a full heart. The last hour of a life,
Brief, as the verdure of a Summer leaf,
And shadowed oft by clouds, and wild with storms,
Was perfect peace.—May not the poet's hand
Awaken now, in heaven, a golden lyre?

## A PORTRAIT.

A vision of beauty, a vision of grace ;
A light, fairy form, and a sweet smiling face ,—
A brow where calm thought rests in peaceful repose,—
A cheek that out-blushes the bright damask rose,—
A lip breathing music,—a dark eye, that beams
With the light of the spirit-land seen in our dreams,—
Now soft, earnest, tender ; now radiant with bliss,—
A purer world's love-light reflected in this.

A heart that has thrilled to glad music alone ;
That brightens this dim world with joy of its own ;
That greets, with the gladness of childhood's free hours,
The robins first song, and the first sweet Spring flowers;—
A shrine for pure thoughts, for hopes holy and high,
And sacred affection, that never can die ;
Meek, lowly, confiding ; yet strong in the faith
Of woman's deep love, scorning danger and death.

A mind that on free, fearless pinons has soared,
Compared, comprehended, admired, and adored ;—
That traces the far course of worlds through the sky,
And notes the soft shades of the wild flowret's dye ;—
That folds, like a bright bird, its radiant wings,
One moment to rest 'mid earth's beautiful things ;

Then speeds, with swift flight, though thought's boundless [expanse,
And sends through dim ages its questioning glance.

A spirit that wears, 'mid the shadows of earth,
Unstained, the pure robes of the land of its birth;
That turns to that land with unwavering love;
An exile, whose home and whose hopes are above;
Fulfilling, in calm faith, a mission below,
Yet waiting the sweet voice that calls it to go
To join a bright band in the shadowless clime,
Where sorrow waits not on the footsteps of Time.

Oh, long may hope's sunshine beam bright from the brow
Where rests its rich light in such calm beauty now;—
Long, long may it be, ere grief's shadowy pall
O'er heart, mind, and spirit in deep gloom shall fall;—
And, should coming sorrow's dark-gathering cloud
Earth's fair scenes in garments of mourning enshroud,
In meekness and love may life's dim path be trod,
With heart, mind, and spirit all stayed upon God.

## THE CHICK-A-DEE.

"Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee!"
Sang a merry little bird,
One clear, cold Winter morning;—
'Twas the first sweet voice I heard;
And through the frosty window
I looked out upon the snow,
To see, in the bright sunshine,
What was going on below.

"Chick-a.dee! chick-a-dee!"
Called that silvery voice again;
And a dark wing went flitting
By the yet half-curtained pane;
Not with the hasty motion,
The quick flight of sudden dread;
But with a glad heart's lightness,
Swiftly on its way it sped.

"Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee!"
On a snow-wreathed pile of wood,
In the clear morning sunlight,
My wild, merry minstrel stood;
With glossy cap of velvet,
And smooth, shining satin vest,
And snowy collar, folded
Round his graceful neck and breast.

"Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee!"
And the quick bend of his head
Said, "quite a pleasant morning;
I should like a crumb of bread.
I know you're very busy;
But 'twill not detain you long;
And for your time and trouble
I will pay you with a song.

"Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee!"
To his warbled promise true,
His sweetest song he carolled,
Ere from his low perch he flew.
And I presume, to-morrow,
The same greeting mine will be;—
'Tis something to give gladness,
Even to a chick-a-dee.

## THE EARLY DEAD.

The solemn rites were ended. Silently
Friends gathered round, to look, with tearful eyes,
On the young face so soon to be concealed
By the damp grave-sod ; and, amid the throng
Stood one, a stranger, yet in heart a friend,
Gazing upon that blighted flower.
The hand
Of death had left its signet on her brow ;
But beauty, softened, hallowed, still remained ;
A spiritual beauty, seldom seen
Save where that icy hand has rested. Deep,
Deep lines of suffering were there. The orbs
'Neath the dark fringe of the closed lids concealed
Were deeply sunken; and the wan cheek seemed
Wasted by weary illness ; but there dwelt
On the calm brow such peace ! and round the lips
Lingered a placid sweetness, as if sleep
Had deepened, with a smile, to death.
'Twas well.
Heavily, on that young, unsheltered head,
Life's chilling storms had fallen. Never more
Was the fair flower to bow to the wild blast,—

Never, again, was the slight vine to wreathe
Its tendrils round a frail prop, but to prove
How powerless its twining clasp, to stay
The fall of that to which, in love, it clung ;
And, sinking with it, crushed and bleeding, lie
On the cold earth, trampled beneath the tread,
The careless tread of the rude passer by.
Never, again, was the poor dove's white wing
To fold above its wounded breast, to hide
The trembling of its fluttering heart. 'Twas well.

Peace with the early dead ! Such peace as made
Its home on that pale brow, and curtained o'er
Those fast-sealed eyes, and left its silent impress
On those hushed, breathless lips, and pillowed low
That graceful head, with its dark, clustering hair,
For its last rest.

Joy for the early dead !
Such joy as waits upon the white-robed band
That round Jehovah's spotless throne, swells high
The song of the redeemed. Such joy as filled
The heart of the poor orphan, who, alone,
Trod, for a brief space, uncomplainingly,
A rugged pathway ; and soon, weary, sank
To slumber 'mid the thorns beside the way,
Pillowing her meek head on the cold, damp sod ;
And wakened, wondering, in a Father's arms.

## WOODLAND WORSHIP.

It was the Sabbath day ; but fast, at morn,
Fell the glad April showers, on the low roof
Chiming with constant, dreary melody ;
So at the clear call of the early bell,
I went not forth, to seek my wonted place
In the still sanctuary ; but with books
And quiet musing filled the hallowed hours,
Till from his cloudy veil the sun looked forth
In brightness, drying fast the tears of morn.
Then I went forth, to hold, in the deep shade
Of the dim, lonely forest, converse sweet
With Nature, and with Nature's God.
The breeze
Went sighing through the branches of the trees
That waved above me, with a pleasant sound,
Like the deep voice of the far-distant sea.
The first sweet Spring flowers with their fragrant breath
Filled the soft air ; and the light, azure wing
Of the bright butterfly glanced o'er my path,
As if he kept his Sabbath joyously.
The brown bee, wakened from his Winter's sleep,
Hummed 'mid the opening blossoms. Bird notes clear
Were borne, at intervals, upon the breeze.

I welcomed all ; but most my heart leaped up,
When, on a mossy bank, with its bright leaves

Yet glistning with a pearly drop, I saw
The first sweet violet, that gentle flower,
That children, with soft eyes of its own hue
So love to look upon.

The violet!

The deep blue violet! The same quick thrill
With which it filled my heart in early years
Returned once more. I was a child again,
Roving among the flowers, and treasuring
Their fragile beauty as my richest wealth.
Oh! why must those bright days flit by so fast?
Why must life's sweet Spring blossoms fade so soon?
Thanks, thanks to thee, my God, that their swift fading
Has left me with a saddened, chastened heart,
Whose clasping tendrils never more may wreathe
Around an earthly idol. Its best wealth
Is safely stored in heaven. Evermore,
There may its peaceful resting-place be found.

## THE ROSEBUD.

One little, faded bud,--the last
Of a bright wreath of flowers,
Borne by affection's ready hand
From my own home's calm bowers.
A deep, sweet language is its own ;
It tells of long-gone years ;
And memory answers to its words,
With blended smiles and tears.

Light was the heart that blessed the first
Sweet blossom on that tree ;
Lit by the sunny hopes of youth,
The shadowless, the free.
How beats it now ? With calmer pulse,
A motion sad and slow,
Yet quickened oft to fever throbs,
By thoughts of long ago.

For deeper shadows o'er its way,
And darker, have been thrown,
Than many hearts, then with it linked
As yet, have ever known ;
And even now, though sunbeams steal,
At times, the cloud-folds through,
Their light is softened still, and shades
Blend with its golden hue.

Hopes, like this frail bud, only nursed
To smile, then droop and fade,—
Friends, on whose placid brows the hand
Of death was sternly laid,—
Grief that swept onward like the tide
Of the wild ocean wave,—
And trembling faith, that looked to heaven
First, from beside the grave.

All these—all these—and more than these,—
Thoughts that no lip may breathe ;—
How many ties around the heart,
Their fragile tendrils wreathe !
Each, like the frail harp's quivering chord,
When sweeps the storm-blast by,
Responding, with its own deep tone
Of spirit melody.

One pensive, parting glance, fair bud,
Upon thy faded bloom ;
One sigh for the high hopes that found,
Like thee an early tomb ;
Then onward, upward, through earth's shades,
Let my free spirit soar,
Fixing its hopes and love where change
May never enter more.

## THE SWALLOWS.

A quick, light rush of wings, and a brief note
Of music, and our eager eyes were raised
To the half-opened window, peering through
The shade of the closed blinds, to learn the cause
Of the unwonted sounds. And what was there?
A pair of swallows, circling round and round
The pillars of the portico, and pausing
Oft at the corner near our seat, as if
Discussing weighty matters, in a tongue
Unknown to her, the laughing maiden said
Who stood beside me. "But I can translate it;"
I answered, playfully; and listning
For a few moments, thus I caught the lay.

"Build! build! build!
But where shall we find a place?
I saw the cat on the hay-loft,
Washing o'er her whiskered face;—
She crept along the rafters,
Close beside our last year's nest;—
We thought the place a fine one;
But a new one now is best."

"Build! build! build!
'Neath the cottage portico,
I've found a quiet corner,
Where the roof is snug and low;

And the green blinds are folded ;
So no eye our work will see ;—
Here we'll have our nursery,—
Here our peaceful home shall be."

" Build ! build ! build !
You bring straws, and I'll bring clay ;—
The good farmer never'll miss
A few little locks of hay ;—
And then we'll have a carpet,
And a bed of softest down ;
And ours will be the newest,
And the nicest house in town."

And most industriously they toiled, poor things!
Teaching us what we needed much to learn,
A lesson of unwearying perseverance,
And cheerful effort. Now, their home may be [pillar;
Seen through the green leaves wreathing round the
And there the listening ear may catch low notes,
Replying to their call ; and the swift flight
And prompt return, show, to the watchful eye,
That their small nursery is tenanted.

Oh, many a lesson might we learn from them,
The light-winged rovers of the air ; and well
Were it for us, if, with our reasoning minds,
We kept the path of duty half as well
As they, by instinct guided. They turn not

To follow Fancy in her airy flight,
Wasting life's precious hours in idle dreams.—
"Oh, moraliser!" said a laughing voice,
"Pity we were not swallows!"—Nay, not so;
But rather, pity that we were not guided [ings,
Oft-times, like them, by the warm heart's quick prompt-
Instead of the cold words of wordly wisdom

## MUSIC.

Music ! sweet, sweet music !
  Like an unseen chain,
With whose links, though viewless
  We might strive in vain,—
All around us wreathing,
  Pure, and deep, and strong,
Is the influence breathing
  From the voice of song.

Music, sweet, sweet music
  Floats upon the air,
Soothing us in sorrow,
  Cheering us in care.
What can breathe our gladness
  Like its thrilling tone ?
What dispel our sadness
  Like its plaintive moan ?

Music, sweet, sweet music !
  There's a land of love,
Where no discord rises
  Its glad notes above.
If such tones are given
  In a world like this,
When we sing in heaven
  What must be our bliss !

## TO MY MOTHER.

I see thee in my dreams, mother,
With thy soft, dark, earnest eye,
And thy brow and cheek illumined
By the love that cannot die;
But something still and solemn
Rests upon thy pale, meek face;
And the soft light circling thee around
Has on earth's dim shores no place.

I listen for thy voice, mother,
When the stars are in the sky;
And a low, sad music-echo
Softly on the breeze floats by.
I may not catch the meaning
Of that mournful murmur deep;
Yet I hear it in my waking dreams,
And it haunts me in my sleep.

I miss thy pure, deep love, mother;—
Fond and faithful friends are mine;
But my heart was all unfolded
To no human eye save thine.
Its suffering and its sorrow
Must be borne in silence now;
And who will share its transient joy
With such deep delight as thou?

I know that thou art blest, mother,
And I would not summon thee
From thy happy home in heaven
To tread earth's dark paths with me.
My spirit may be shadowed,
Oft-times, by a cloud of care;
And the burning tears may dim my eyes,
At my hour of evening prayer.

But this will soon be past, mother,
A few swiftly-gliding years,
And the heart now throbbing wildly
With earth's weary hopes and fears,
Within the peaceful mansions
Of the better land shall dwell,—
Where they mourn not over broken ties,—
Where they breathe no sad farewell.

Sweet will thy welcome be, mother,
To the worn and wearied one,
From life's long day of labor
Turning with the setting sun;
And deep will be the rapture,
Far beyond the parting pain,
That will thrill our spirits in the hour
When we meet, in heaven, again.

Oh! till that hour shall come, mother,
Watch thou o'er thy wayward child;—

Let not the sweet spirit leave her,
Which on all her dreams has smiled.
With thy presence still around her,—
With thy soft hand on her brow,
Let her pass from earth's shadows to the light
That beams ever on thee now.

THE END.

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